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FOR AUGUST.

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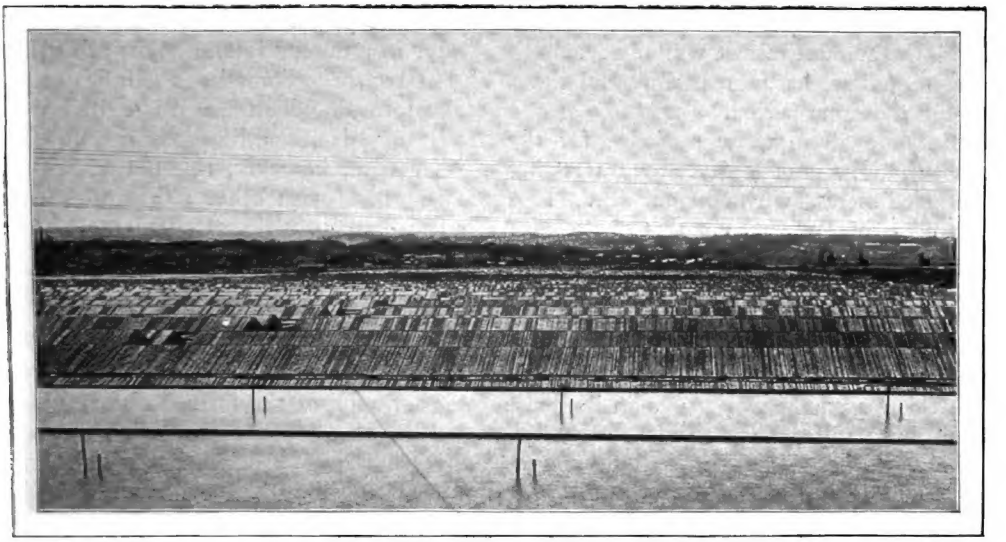

A SALT YARD CONTAINING 10,000 VATS AROUND THE CITY OF SYRACUSE. 12,000,000 SQUARE FEET ARE OCCUPIED IN THIS MANNER.

WHERE WE GET OUR SALT AND HOW.

BEING ARTICLE NO. 6 IN THE GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES SERIES.

By C. Montgomery M'Govern.

Whoever takes pride in the growth of the American Republic's greatness will learn with pleasure that recently collected figures show that from a small beginning a comparatively few years back the United States has now become the greatest salt-manufacturing country in the world. More than 20 per cent. of all the salt used by the 1,400,000,000 odd inhabitants of the earth is now made in American salt works. And that the industry will still increase is indicated by the large number of salt works that are going up in all sections of the States.

The figures given throughout this article are from the latest reports issued by the United States Government.

Although the school books tell us that the first salt manufactory in America was established along the Massachusetts coast in 1621, no really serious attempt was made to build up an American salt industry until our break with England made it necessary for us to try to make salt for ourselves. In 1800 about the only salt factory we had was the one at Syracuse, and that turned out only 50,000 bushels in the entire year. Yet our forefathers marvelled at their skill. What would they think if they saw the salt product of the States in 1898, which reached the enormous figure of over 88,000,000 bushels? Just how rapidly our salt industry is growing, of late years especially, can be comprehended from the fact that the product of 1898 was 100 per cent. greater than the annual product of ten years ago. In the last nineteen years the annual product has more than trebled, and within the last few years the product of each year has been larger than its predecessor by some 10,000,000 bushels. In 1880 we bought abroad almost 17,500,000 bushels of salt, but in 1898 our own manufacturers had pushed their foreign rivals so hard that the foreigners were able to sell us only one-

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third of that amount, while on the other hand the amount of salt which we sold to other countries has increased by four times within the same period.

But enough of these statistics for the present. Let me tell about the interesting manner in which we make our salt. It is for more than one reason that our salt industry is interesting. In the first place, the American way of conducting a salt-making business has so revolutionized the manufacture that everybody is able to buy salt at a much smaller cost than formerly. For this reason the world uses an immense deal more salt now than it formerly did. The world used 2,000 *million more* pounds of salt in 1897 than it did in 1890.

In many respects the salt industry in America bears a close resemblance to the industry in oil described in the July number of this magazine. Like oil, salt is a geological deposit found at various depths below the earth's crust; like oil, it is drilled for, pumped up, and refined (although the salt makers do not refer to the process by that word). Like the oil fields, the fields about the salt factories are covered with a multitude of pipes. The reason that the general public knows so little of the salt industry and so much of the oil business is, that there are never any "salt rushes," nor "salt gushers," and no trusts in control of the salt output, and thus the newspapers are silent and the public is left in ignorance of one of its most interesting industries.

Salt exists under almost every State in the Union, but principally under the States of New York, Michigan, Kansas, and California, named in the order of their importance. This salt is the remains of dried-up prehistoric oceans that have been covered up by rock during changes on the earth's surface. It is not found in the form in which we use it, however—at least, not often enough to speak of. While below the surface of the earth, it forms a combination with several other substances, and the result is a liquid which we call "brine."

When a "salt well" is sunk, a pump set to work, and the brine comes into the reservoirs prepared for it, it looks like the water in a muddy inland river; but it has a bitter taste. Sometimes salt is found in solid form, in which case it is called "rock salt," and is mined like so much coal. In either case, however, the natural product is so mixed with other substances that it has to undergo various treatments before it can be used.

The greatest salt works in the United States are those around Syracuse and Warsaw, in the State of New York. Standing upon the roof of a tall building at the northern end of the former city the visitor will see 12,000,000 square feet of ground covered by vats of brine that is being made into salt. This figure does not include the vast area covered by the storehouses, the reservoirs, and the buildings in which the brine is made into salt by a different process.

There are four different ways of making salt from the brine, of each of which I will give an outline. In each case, however, the brine is obtained in the same way. Wells are sunk at certain distances apart, and over each well is a pump and reservoir. The pumps are operated by compressed air, and each brings up 200 gallons of brine every minute in the day. The brine is kept in the reservoirs for a few days, after which it is let out into huge wooden pipes which bring the brine to the desired vats. These wooden pipes strike the visitor as queer. They are made from thick tree trunks through the length of which a circular hole has been cut about six inches in diameter, the pipes being joined together by one end of each log being sharpened and inserted into the adjoining end of the next log, whose hole is slightly enlarged at its extremity for that purpose. Around Syracuse alone there are over 32 miles of these crude-looking pipes; they lie on the surface of the ground, bobbing up whenever they meet a hill and sinking back into the next depression.

For such a large number of very different purposes is salt used nowadays that our scientists have learned that it is best that for different uses different sorts of salt should be made. Accordingly, there are

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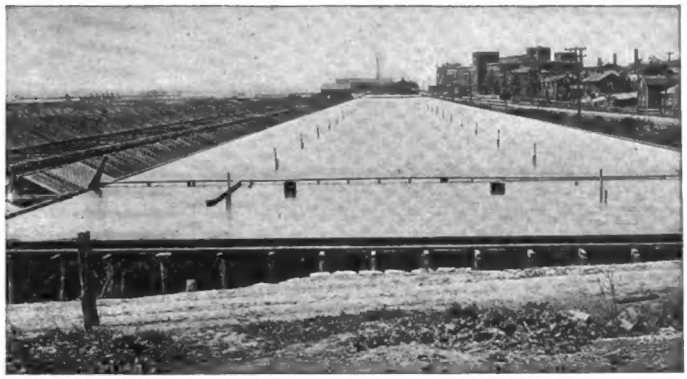

VATS COVERING AN AREA OF 200,000 SQUARE FEET, FILLED WITH BRINE, WHICH THE SUN IS CONVERTING INTO SALT.

a dozen different kinds of salt made in the United States to-day. They are all made by one of the four processes I have referred to.

The 12,000,000 square feet of vats one sees at Syracuse are used for making the large lump salt that is so valuable as a preservative of meats, hides, etc., as well as for fertilizing purposes. (Great quantities of salt are now used for making nearly barren lands more fruitful.) The process by which this salt is made is called "the solar process," on account of the fact that it is the sun that practically does all of the making, man acting simply as a sort of office boy in the transaction. Each of these vats has a floor surface of 10 feet by 18 feet, and is about a foot deep. They are divided into three kinds of vats, called "deep rooms" (because the brine in them is deep), "lime rooms" (because they are shallow vats and the brine throws off its lime here), and "salt rooms" (because when the brine leaves these rooms it has been reduced to actual salt). All of the vats are mounted on low posts, but the bottom of the "deep rooms" is higher than the top of the "lime rooms," while in turn the "lime rooms" are somewhat higher than the third set of vats, "the salt rooms." Each of the last two kinds of vats is supplied with a wooden cover which slides to one side in fine weather, but which can be run back easily over the top of the vat if it should begin to rain. It is quite an exciting experience to watch how these vats are covered up whenever a rain storm puts in its appearance. The day the writer was visiting the salt yard of the Syracuse Coarse Salt Company a rain cloud appeared on the horizon. The command was given to "cover up vats!" and although there are about 10,000 vats in that yard alone, and only sixty men to do the job, the time they required to do the work of covering up all the vats was only thirty minutes.

Old Sol is ready to begin making salt from the brine about the first of March, and he keeps up the good work until the month of October. By the beginning of March, therefore, all the vats in a salt yard have been thoroughly scrubbed out,

A WHITEWASHER AT WORK. ONE BUCKETFUL OF WHITEWASH REMOVES ALL THE IRON FROM A 30,000-GALLON RESERVOIR OF BRINE.

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SCENE IN A "KETTLE HOUSE."

the pumps set in motion at the wells, and presently the reservoirs are filled with brine. The pipes leading from the reservoirs to the vats called "deep rooms" are now opened and each of the vats is filled half full, after which the supply is cut off from those vats for the time being. As this brine lies in the "deep rooms" it consists of some 83 parts of water, 2 parts being made up of a combination of various minerals—iron, magnesium, potash, and calcium, in the shape of what chemists call chlorides, carbonates, bromides, and sulphates—the remaining 15 parts being sodium chloride (which is pure salt). Now everything in the brine except the sodium chloride must be gotten rid of, else the brine is not usable, and it is to rid the brine of these that the fluid is shifted about in the three kinds of vats.

While in the deep rooms the carbonic acid gas in the brine is attracted out by the heat of the sun, and as the presence of this gas in the brine was the only thing that was causing the iron to stay there, as soon as the gas runs off the iron drops to the bottom in disgust that his sweetheart should have eloped with the sunshine. This happens within seven or eight days, and at the end of that time the brine is not only free from iron, but the sun has caused so much of the water to evaporate into the atmosphere that the brine is now 25½ parts pure salt, 10 parts water less than what it originally was, while the other ingredients form only about 1½ parts of the brine.

The brine in the deep rooms now looks like clear drinking water, and it is allowed to flow down into the lime rooms, leaving all the iron behind it. In the lime rooms the sun keeps the water constantly evaporating, with the result that soon the particles of pure salt—until now unseen—come closer to each other and begin to form small crystals that are so light that they float on the surface of the brine. At the same time the other ingredients in the

SIFTING THE FINISHED SALT.

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brine (with the exception of the water) form a second association of their own, and their resulting crystals being very heavy sink to the bottom of the brine. When the water is nearly all evaporated in the "lime rooms" practically all of the impurities have formed themselves into these heavy crystals, so that the salt crystals and the brine which now contains nothing but salt and water is easily allowed to flow off into the salt rooms—the salt crystals remaining suspended in the brine until later—and all the impurities, except the water, are left behind in the "lime rooms." In the "salt rooms" the sun, having now nothing else to contend with, quickly evaporates the remaining water and nothing is left but salt crystals. The crystals are then scraped out and put into huge tubs with perforated bottoms. A stream of fresh brine from the lime rooms is poured over the tubs of salt crystals, with the result that as the brine sinks down through the salt and through the bottom of the tubs it draws with it whatever small quantity of impurities might still be adhering to the salt crystals.

When the salt in the tubs is dry, it is carted off to the storerooms, where the law requires that it be kept for fourteen days before it can be shipped. In this way a big salt concern like the Onondaga Salt Association is able to show visitors the spectacle of some 56,000,000 pounds of salt in a single room ready to be placed on cars.

A TYPICAL PROPRIETOR OF A SALT WORKS.

This solar salt forms lumps of various sizes from those as big as a man's fists down to lumps no bigger than a pea. By screening the dry salt the different sizes are separated, each size being sold for a different use.

The salt used for cooking, for cattle, and for making butter, cheese, and similar purposes, is of a finer grain than the last, and is made in a different way—called by the manufacturers the "kettle process"—which consists in boiling the brine in huge pots. The salt used on our tables is made by the "pan process," which consists in boiling the brine as in the kettle process, but with a different sort of previous treatment of the brine.

It takes all the time between March and October to make four "crops" of salt by the solar process, but with the kettles a "crop" is turned out in a few hours. Salt with large crystals cannot be made in this manner, and it costs a great deal more to make salt with the kettles than by the sun, but the saving in time and ground area covered by solar vats are great advantages. The kettle process requires a long building with a double line of 150-gallon iron pots running from end to end, sunk into the floor. There are 35 of these pots to each line, 70 to each house, and between each pair of pots runs a big pipe filled with brine. Above each pot is a rough faucet running from this big pipe. The floor of the building is made of firebrick 18 inches thick, over which is a thick layer of cement, otherwise the employees would be burned to death, as there is sustained below the pots night and day a heat of 600°.

The pots are filled to the brim with brine, the fires started, and in a few seconds the visitor cannot see two feet in front of him on account of the clouds of steam sent off by each of the 70 pots. In an average of seven hours every pot of brine has been boiled dry, and contains two bushels of pure salt with a fine grain.

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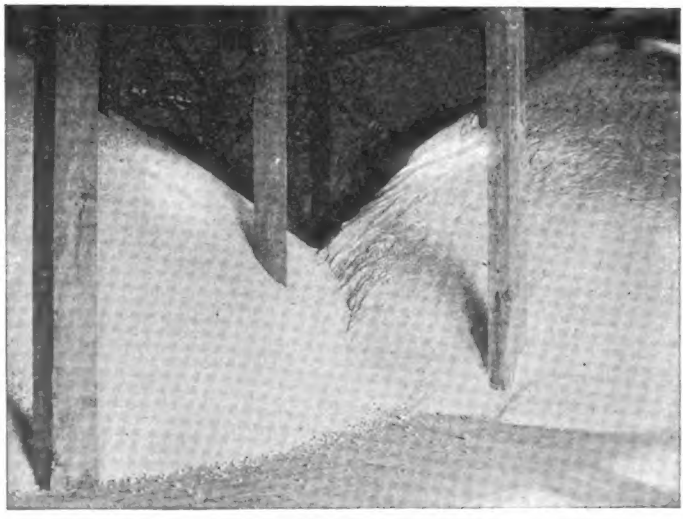
The brine used in the pots is from the same well as that used in the solar vats, and contains therefore the same impurities which must be gotten rid of. This is done in a simple way. As the brine arrives at the kettle-houses it is received into reservoirs having a 30,000-gallon capacity. A workman puts a handful of lime into a pail of water, thus making a whitewash, and then throws the contents of the pail into the reservoir. Wonderful to say, this insignificant amount of lime is able to change the character of the 30,000 gallons of brine. The lime acts upon the carbonic acid in the water, causes it to escape into the air, whereupon the iron sinks to the bottom like the iron in the solar deep rooms. The brine is then ready to be sent through another pipe into the pots.



VIEW OF A ROOM CONTAINING 56,000,000 POUNDS OF SALT.

But half a dozen other impurities remain in the brine as it falls into the pots. To get rid of these, too, is but an easy matter when science has taught you how. The workmen in the houses place at the bottom of each of the pots a scoop that fits the pot snugly in the centre. As the brine begins to boil, the water constantly evaporates and the minerals in the pot stir themselves up of their own accord in such a way that all the mineral particles sink to the bottom of the pot, where the brine is coolest, viz., in the centre of the pot. But as the minerals find it so very hot at the centre of the pot when they reach the bottom they all want to rush up to the top again. This the salt is able to do because it is very light, but the other minerals—the impurities—are too heavy to raise themselves, and in consequence stay at the bottom of the pot, in the scoop. The salt scoots up again at the sides of the pot while the other particles are pouring down the centre.

In a short time every one of the impurities lies in the scoop, while the salt and the water are still floating around, so that to remove all the impurities from the boiling brine the workmen have only to take out the scoop. This they do by its upright handle, which projects two or three feet above the liquid, where it can be handled in safety.

In another hour all the water has boiled off and the residue is pure salt. This is shovelled out of the pots into two-bushel baskets, which are hung over the pots on two cross pieces. Here the baskets are left until the next potful of brine is made into salt, the object being to have the steam from the second potful still further purify the basketful of salt that is held above it.

The process by which table salt is made—the pan process—is very similar to the last. With the pans, however, the salt can be made to any size of grain, fine or coarse, while the grain of the kettle salt is always of the same size. Instead of the kettles, in the pan process the brine is placed in long, shallow pans of iron with different partitions which give a better chance to handle the brine, and much finer treatment can be made in this way.

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A SUMMER SHOWER.

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In the midst of an almost primeval forest in Tyrol, where now the hardiest huntsman can with difficulty make his way, rises from the brink of a black and bottomless lake a sheer precipice, crowned by what seems to be the remains of a mediæval castle.

In my prowlings after sketches I had penetrated as far as the brink of the lake, and gazed awestruck at the mouldering heap of masonry outlined against the evening sky.

It was a picture of unutterable desolation.

Profound silence reigned; a silence unbroken by cry of animal or note of wild-bird.

I mentioned my "find" to the Wirth of the village Gasthaus. "Sapperment!" said he, "have you been there? *Der Teufel soll mich holen.* I wouldn't go there for as many Reichsthaler as one could heap on this table. 'Tis cursed."

If I wanted, said he, to hear the history of it, he would introduce me to Herr Nussbaum, the priest, a very learned gentleman, who lived at the other end of the village, and who came there for his pipe and glass of beer every evening. He had often heard him tell the story of Schloss Egowald, and Black Hugo, its terrible master.

And that evening the Wirth kept his word, and presented me to Herr Pfarrer Nussbaum, a tall, dyspeptic man with an intellectual cast of countenance.

When I made my request, he plunged at once into the story with the air of a man going over well-beaten ground. He said that the territory into which I had stumbled was a tract of land formerly belonging to an eccentric nobleman, Hugo von Schwarzwappen, who led a gloomy and secluded life in the study, it was said, of the Black Art.

Certain it is, he was a man of great learning, of genius if you will, who, however, brought little good to his fellow-creatures by his researches in science. To his castle he gave the name of Egowald, and over the great gate he had caused to be cut into the stone the words "Ich weiss."

"I have," said the priest, "in my possession certain books saved out of the wreck of the castle by the grandfather of Stachelmann, who was Forstmeister to the Black Baron. They are in Sanskrit, and on the title-pages it is set forth that they were brought from the East by an ancestor

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of the Baron's—a Crusader. He had acquired them of a Hindoo whose life was in danger from the Mahatmas, who condemned the books, as containing damning and forbidden knowledge, opposed to the teachings of the Vedas.

"The peasants in the surrounding country are reticent about the history of the place.

"Those who lived in the Baron's time are all dead, and from their descendants only imperfect snatches of stories can be gathered concerning his terrible deeds, which spread death and ruin upon his people, blighting the very soil itself, so that nothing will grow for miles around but villainous weeds.

"He ruled with despotic sway, and those who came between Black Hugo and his will never prospered.

"He never spoke: such was the ascendency he had obtained over his retainers and the laborers on the estate that words were unnecessary.

"For years he had formed no new acquaintances, and his circle had narrowed down to the people on his estate already under his spell. None dared meet his evil eye, and those who had done so already could not shake off its influence.

"My knowledge of Sanskrit, though limited, enabled me to gather from the Hindoo books, that the analysis of the human will, and its possibilities, formed their principal theme.

"Much of it was, I confess, entirely beyond me, and some of it opened such dark vistas to my mind as to cause me to hurl the books from me in dismay. I felt as if a warning voice had said, even as it had said to our first parents, 'Go no further, as you value your soul.'

"I was often at the bedside of Stachelmann's grandfather during his last illness, a devout and very intelligent man, and from his lips received the story of the fall of Schloss Egowald. During its recital, spells of terror would come upon him, and he would clutch my hand with a grasp of steel, as with frenzied gesture he would seem to fight off some dread influence.

"When calm he would say that the habit of his life had been submission to the Baron's will, and if he went out of life with that spell upon him, he was lost.

"'I have seen him,' he told me, 'break a horse's neck by shaking his finger at him!'

"'On one occasion,' he added, his eyes starting at the recollection, 'I saw him return from hunting in the great pine forests with a pack of wolves walking tamely behind him. They had dared to attack him. Afterwards he sat by and made his bloodhounds worry them to death one by one.'

"He learned how to do this from the old heathen books.

"For the rest, I will give the old man's story in my own language, as his dialect might prove at times obscure.

"At the north corner of the castle, overlooking the lake, was a tower, into which the Baron would retire for days.

"Into this retreat no one save his son had ever penetrated.

"His wife went mad and perished in the lake.

"The son pined away, growing paler after each visit to the tower. He followed his mother soon.

"All vestige of love left the castle when they went.

"But the master held a power which he believed more potent than love.

"He had hoped to perpetuate this power in his son.

"His grief and rage knew no bounds at this frustration of his plans by Providence, and, standing on the top of his tower, he raved and cursed and shook his clenched fists into the sky.

"'I will not be baffled by death, my will shall survive me.'

"These terrible words were the last he was ever heard to utter.

"From that time forth he was seldom seen. Certain long, peculiar boxes of great weight arrived one night from Munich, and were carried up into the tower. The stalwart fellows who performed the task returned bereft of speech, and did not live long.

"The Baron was never seen again.

"At last, accustomed to his absence, and

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secretly glad to be relieved of his presence, the people went the round of their duties uncomplainingly.

"But—and this was passing strange—the Sabbath was no more observed. Those who gave the matter a thought felt overborne by something, which silently directed their thoughts elsewhere.

"In vain the chaplain, a noble and enthusiastic man, exhorted them to rouse again to their faith.

"They sowed, they reaped, they garnered, and rested not, and in their eyes was the look of weary oxen.

"And still the lord of the castle came not. He must be dead. No food had passed the portals of the tower for so long.

"Yet Nasi, the shepherd, told of how nightly he saw from the hills countless little threads of bluish light emanating from the tower and reaching far away across the country, piercing the night like needles. Upon a day a burly peasant was detailed to knock at the door of the tower. He fell, stricken with a palsy.

"A gallant man-at-arms went, clad in steel *cap-a-pie*, and smote upon the oaken panels with battle-axe. It splintered in his hands, and he fell as one dead in his tracks, and when his visor was lifted, upon his forehead was burned the letter 'I.'

"A band of peasants, apparently endeavoring to escape from the confines of the domain, were soon after found, twisted out of all human semblance, at the margin of the forest which bordered the estate.

"What had befallen them none could say; but upon their ghastly foreheads was burned the letter 'I.'

"And ever the seasons came and went, and the gloomy retainers watched and waited within the castle, and the laborers toiled on unceasingly without.

"Even those who sickened with fatigue, and wished to die, rose up as under some devil's goad, and toiled on.

"The chaplain, undaunted, walked the halls and wards of the castle, inspiring courage; stood in the courtyard and exorcised the foul fiend; but, stunned by the terrors of the people, he at length fell ill from exhaustion.

"Like wild-eyed beasts at bay, the fall of their only champion roused the despairing fury of the peasants and people of the castle. Armed with pikes and scythes and flails, they stormed the accursed tower, determined to die rather than live longer lives which had become hideous.

"Encouraged by the voice of the chaplain, who caused his bed to be carried into the courtyard, they rushed upon the tower, only to fall stricken. Others supplied their places, carrying a great battering-ram made of a pine trunk.

"It was splintered in fragments, and its

"THEY STORMED THE ACCURSED TOWER."

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bearers fell beneath it, with the fatal 'I' burned into their foreheads.

"'The cannon! To the armory!' shouted some one, and seven gaunt and wild-eyed men, all that remained of the garrison, dragged a brass cannon into the courtyard and, loading it, trained it upon the tower.

"The balls ricochetted harmlessly.

"They loaded again and again, while over their heads the chaplain's emaciated hand waved the crucifix.

"Up to the breach a ladder was lifted by the peasants, who shouted the while triumphantly, as men freed from a spell. Headed by the sick chaplain, who seemed endowed with superhuman strength, they gained the interior of the tower and ascended the winding staircase to the chamber at the top.

"What is this which, glimmering gray in the moonlight, brings them suddenly to a standstill?

"Not Black Hugo, *but his carven image.*

FROM A CRYSTAL BALL SUPPORTED ON THE FOREHEAD OF THE SKULL EXTENDED A WIRE RUNNING UPWARD.

"Now from the horizon, where in gathering gloom the lightning began to quiver, great masses of inky clouds rolled upward across the sky. 'See!' cried the pallid priest, 'God's anger speaks at last,' and barely had his voice died away on the wind, when from mid-heaven echoed a crashing roar, and a white, angry flash, like a gigantic scimitar, descended, riving the tower from summit to base. The dust had cleared away. It was seen then that a great rent had been made in the tower's side, exposing the interior.

"Upon a pedestal, with one arm extended toward the North, was a steel statue of Hugo Schwarzwappen.

"Around the circular walls was a frieze, containing directions in steel letters for all the business of the estate, and the words *obey* or *die* beneath each.

"Protruding from these, and from every part of the interior of the steel dome (where it was not wrecked), were countless needles, all pointing toward the statue, and, as could be seen from the break, perforating the walls to the outside.

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"From some of these still issued a pale, bluish light, streaming faintly outward into the night.

"A break in the floor disclosed the fact that there was a chamber below.

"Tearing away more of the tiling which formed the floor, the chaplain, followed by myself, leapt into the narrow vault, scarce the height of a man.

"Saints protect us! Stretched upon a stone slab directly beneath the statue, was the skeleton of Hugo von Schwarzwappen.

"From a crystal ball, supported upon the forehead of the skull by a steel band, extended a wire running upward into the steel statue.

"A strong smell of burning wood greeted my nostrils suddenly, and at the same time some one in the court below shouted 'Fire!'

"The interior woodwork of the tower had been set on fire by the lightning, and unperceived had crept upward until already fiery tongues were lapping through the crevices of the floor.

"Grasping the hands of the men above, we were dragged up and barely had time to reach the ladder as it blistered in the growing heat.

"Glancing backward, the flames were already devouring the mouldering rags about the skeleton.

"When we reached the court, the tower was a column of flame and smoke.

"As the masonry crumbled and fell away, high over all could be seen, gleaming red, the spectral image of Black Hugo. Then there was a crackling and a crash, and, scattering a million fiery darts high in mid-heaven, the burning tower fell over the precipice and disappeared with an infernal hissing into the black waters of the lake.

"Far out from the burning mass sped like a meteor, white hot, the statue—diving head first into the middle of the gulf, carrying downward with it to hell the Baron's wicked will."

LOVE'S QUARREL.

Ah, Love and I have quarrelled sore,
For lo! the stubborn boy will say
That dainty Cloris I should wed,
And not the handsome Lady May.
And this tho' I have ofttimes told
How Lady May hath ample gold.

What time I praise the roses red
That mantle on my Lady's cheek,
The saucy varlet still declares
The cause he finds not far to seek;
"That in the morn the bloom hath flown,
While Cloris' charms are all her own."

'Tis all in vain that I insist
On Lady May's high pedigree,
For love asserts that Cloris comes
Of Nature's own nobility.
And thus he praises without fear,
Nor will he ought of reason hear.

So Love and I have fallen out,
And I am left in sorry plight,
For if I but the truth confess,
I'm bound to own that Love is right.
There's surely nought to do or say,
But wed sweet Cloris while I may.

G. E. Farrow.

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BRITAIN'S FIGHTING ELEPHANTS

BY H. J. CHUTER.

PERHAPS the most curious corps in the Indian Army is what is officially known as the Heavy Battery, in other words, the elephant artillery—a corps of heavy men, heavy elephants, heavy bullocks, and heavy guns and ammunition. It is very doubtful whether this remarkable brigade would be of much use anywhere except on the plains of India, although the guns, which have a very long range, are just the kind that would have proved invaluable in a campaign such as is at present being waged in South Africa. Unfortunately, however, the elephants, bullocks, and guns are too conspicuous and unwieldy for such warfare, and would prove absolutely useless among the hills of Natal or on the rugged, undulating plains of Cape Colony. In case, however, of rebellion in Central India, the heavy brigade would doubtless do good service; but as it has as yet never had a chance of distinguishing itself, I will not hazard any rash prophecy. I must content myself here with chronicling the life and doings of the military elephant in times of peace.

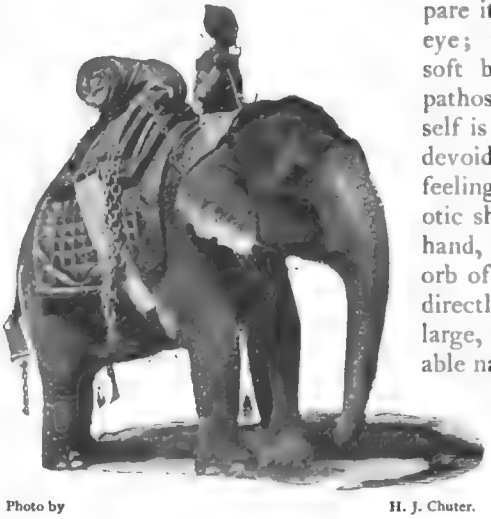

Photo by H. J. Chuter.

AN ELEPHANT IN WAR PAINT.

And truly these leviathans are a most interesting study. It is said that the eye is the window of the soul, and if this be true, the elephantine eye is the exception that proves the rule. Compare it with the bullock's eye; the latter is large, soft brown, and full of pathos, yet the animal itself is perhaps more utterly devoid of intelligence and feeling than even the idiotic sheep. On the other hand, the small pig-like orb of the elephant seems directly to contradict his large, affectionate, reasonable nature. But the military authorities know him and treat him as he deserves, his life being ordered and regulated almost as

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A MILITARY ELEPHANT SALUTING BY RAISING HIS TRUNK.

though he were a human soldier. He is subject to stringent military discipline; he has his kit and accoutrement; he parades for his rations; goes on route marches, salutes the officers, and does fatigue duties, such as carrying luggage or trampling down the mud tennis courts in lieu of a steam roller. Each elephant is, moreover, provided with a record of service, age, height, character, and so on, and their defaulter sheets are kept like a soldier's; for punishment awaits any breach of regulations, and this means depriving him (it would be little short of disrespectful to use the neuter pronoun when speaking of the elephant) of special dainties, such as cakes and sugar-cane, in case of slight offences, while graver sins merit a severe thrashing, administered by a fellow elephant with a heavy iron chain.

A FAMOUS MEMBER OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

Casually viewed, the elephants' home resembles nothing so much as a long row of giant railway tunnel openings, their stables being built with high arches to each stall. In front of the stable is a broad, square space, known as the elephant lines, and here the animals are picketed in two rows, each unit being fastened to his allotted place by an ankle-chain. That this fastening business is a mere matter of form is proved by the fact that the elephants themselves place the rings on their feet. Appearances must be kept up, and they are the first to recognize this. It is here that they take their green fodder, the serving out of which is a lengthy but extremely amusing proceeding. One by one the elephants go up to the ration-stand, and when the fodder has been secured with ropes to his back, the driver mounts on the top of the pile, and off swings our

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AN ELEPHANT BATTERY ON PARADE.

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friend, the pleasures of anticipation giving an extra spring to his usually leisurely gait. When he has reached his place in the lines, the fodder is unloaded, and after fastening himself up according to regulations, he proceeds to demolish the bundle—an operation which lasts for the rest of the day.

But even more interesting than the parade of green fodder is the parade of chupatties—chupatties being the peculiar kind of cake which forms the elephant's other meal. Ranged in a long line, the solemn animals wait patiently until each

THE AMMUNITION TRAIN FOR AN ELEPHANT BATTERY.

MILITARY ELEPHANTS BRINGING IN THEIR DRIVERS' FIREWOOD.

driver has unrolled his bundle and placed a share of the cakes close beside the trunk of his special elephant. The little eyes twinkle, the large ears flop; and the animals edge each other, shuffle about with their feet, and wave their trunks hither and thither, now playfully flicking a neighbor's ear, now sniffing at a neighbor's chupatties. When at length the word has gone to start feeding, it is highly amusing to watch the various antics and mannerisms. The men roll up the cakes and hand them to the elephants, who take them daintily in the curve of the trunk and dispose of them, each according to his special fancy. One will tear his chupatty in two, and gloat some time over it before putting it away; another will toss his piecemeal in his capacious mouth; a third will slyly watch his opportunity to filch a bit from his neighbor, and thus draw on his head a sound abuse from the driver, who makes him return the spoil. They

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UNLOADING.

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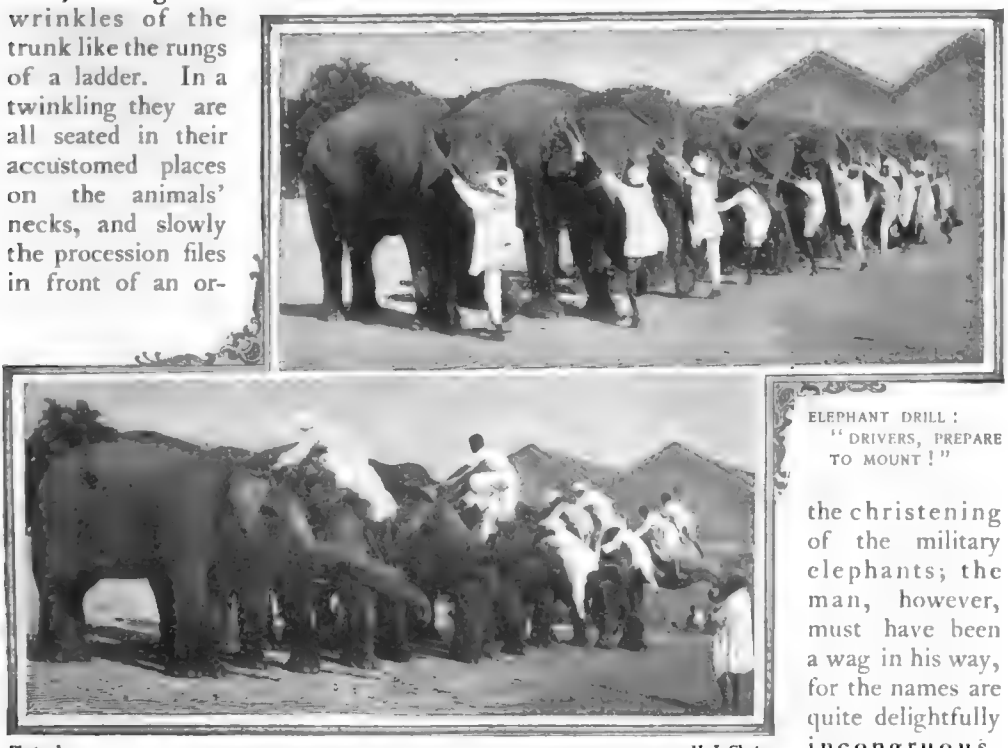
say that the elephants know the exact weight and number of chupatties they should have, and absolutely refuse to take anything less than their due.

When the meal is over the drivers stand at attention and await the jemadar's, or head man's, command. "Prepare to mount!"—at the word all trunks are thrust out as footholds, and the men jump upon them, holding on to the huge ears. "Mount!"—and up the drivers scramble, using the wrinkles of the trunk like the rungs of a ladder. In a twinkling they are all seated in their accustomed places on the animals' necks, and slowly the procession files in front of an orderly officer, each elephant saluting him as he passes.



Photos by H. J. Chuter.

"MOUNT!"

ELEPHANT DRILL: "DRIVERS, PREPARE TO MOUNT!"

Another important ceremony is the daily watering and scrubbing. With diminutive buckets dangling at their mouths, the elephants trot in twos and threes down to the watering-place, often stopping to pick up casual acquaintances of the drivers, who clamber up by whatever promontories seem to offer the best foothold. Once at the watering-place, the elephants paddle about the wet stones, taking an occasional sip of water—that is to say, an occasional bucketful—while the drivers scrub their leathery hides with a good-sized brick. The energetic sluicing and scrubbing is accompanied by a running fire of endearments, abuse, and directions; and it is wonderful to see the unwieldy monsters sidling about so as to bring various parts of their anatomy before the driver as he directs.

I am not aware who was responsible for the christening of the military elephants; the man, however, must have been a wag in his way, for the names are quite delightfully incongruous. One venerable lady elephant (they are all past their first youth, being mostly on the wrong side of sixty) rejoices in the sounding title of Virginia, and then among others there are Venus and Madonna. Poor Venus! to-day she is better known by the undignified name of Bobtail; for some while since one of her sisters-in-arms, tempted by an evil spirit, bit off the tip of her tail.

As a justification of her name, Madonna, in her innocent youth, may have displayed various saint-like qualities. If so, they

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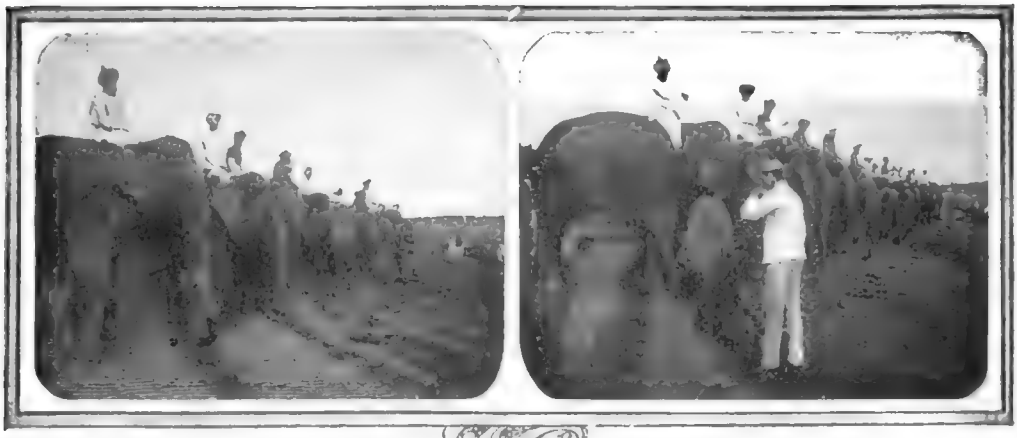
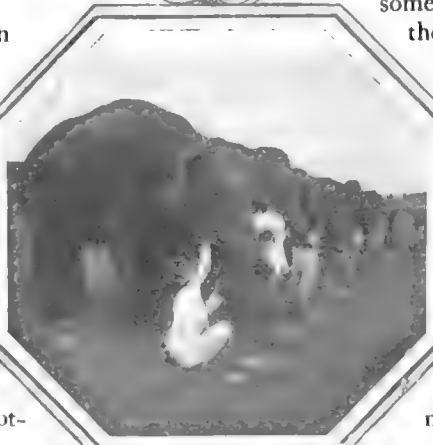


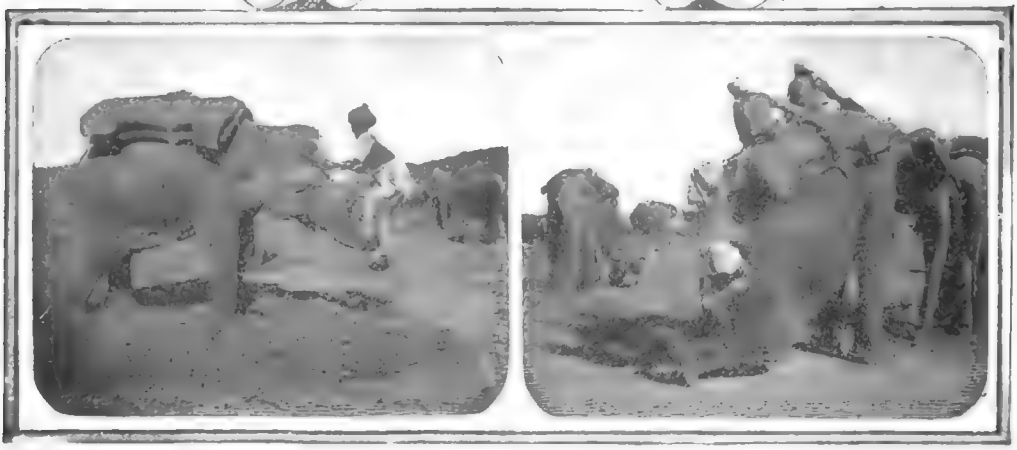
PARADE FOR CHUPATTIES, OR FOOD: "DRESS BY YOUR RIGHT!"

ORDERLY OFFICER INSPECTS: "ATTENTION!"

have long since been worn away by contact with this wicked world; for Madonna, I regret to say, has a very naughty and unaccountable temper; she is full of freaks and fancies, and can never be relied upon. On one of her bad days she was delegated to take a party of officers to a shooting party. The driver, who had had previously some trouble with her, warned the men to look out for danger. Sure enough, Madonna soon began her antics. She did her best to dislodge the seat fastened on to her back, but failing to achieve immediate success, waited until half-way across a river, and then shook her hide with such vigor and determination that the whole party were pitched into the water, after which



"FEED!"



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MOUNTING BY THE TRUNK.

MOUNTING BY THE TAIL.

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Photo by H. J. Chuter.

AN ELEPHANT BATTERY RETURNING FROM BATHING, WITH SOLDIERS UPON THEIR BACKS.

performance she coolly trotted home again.

On another occasion Madonna turned nasty at the battery sports. The principal event of the day was to be a tug-of-war, elephant *versus* man—one elephant against as many men as could hold on to the rope, the driver directing operations from his seat on the elephant's head. Well, Madonna and her antagonists were posted, and the contest began. At the first try the rope broke; at the second and third the same thing happened, greatly to the amusement of the onlookers. But evidently Madonna failed to see the joke; in fact, she was distinctly offended, holding doubtless such an exhibition to be quite beneath her dignity. At the fourth pull she gave a tug or two, then, with indignant trumpeting, turned tail, still holding on to the rope (which, it is needless to say, the soldiers had to drop), and made a dash through the line of spectators, frightening horses, trampling down tents, and scattering everything before her. She did not stop in her headlong career until she had covered some fifteen miles or so, when, her temper having cooled, she returned to the lines, her usual placid self.

I think the many snappy little terriers that are always to be found round cantonments are often responsible for these spells of ill-temper. Elephants detest small dogs; indeed, by the way they fidget and turn their eyes, and try to escape when one is near, you would almost fancy them afraid of their small torments, who love to snap and snarl, and generally play the fool round the elephants' feet.

Twice a week in summer-time it is the elephants' duty to take the men down to the river for bathing parade. They are equipped for this purpose with seats fastened lengthways on their backs and holding four men with comfort. The beasts thoroughly enjoy themselves on these occasions, wallowing about and tossing the water over each other like so many children. Indeed, their fondness for water not infrequently leads to awkward results. One hot summer's day the Heavy Battery was out route-marching when, as they were crossing a river, the elephants with one accord (they seemed to have settled the matter between themselves beforehand) stopped in the middle of the water and refused to budge an inch. The drivers tried persuasion, threats, whacks—all in vain.

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For three whole days the rebels wallowed in the river, and only returned home at the imperative call of hunger.

It is queer that so pachydermatous an animal as the elephant should suffer in the feet, but such is the case. If not carefully tended, and occasionally pared and rasped, the cuticle gives them much suffering. Docile and wise, the elephants seem to know that the tedious operation of rasping and paring is for their good. Without offering a single objection, they will at a word from the driver get into the required position, and lie patiently while being operated upon.

Should an elephant die, or become incapacitated, his place is filled up by another from the ranks of the commissariat elephants, six of which are kept as a reserve and made use of for transport purposes. I hear it said that the Heavy Battery may at any time be broken up—a great pity; but I suppose its usefulness is hardly sufficient to justify the enormous cost of its maintenance.

Photo by H. J. Chuter.

A DELICATE OPERATION: CUTTING AN ELEPHANT'S TOE-NAILS.

"UNTIL ——"

He never read the roses,
Nor learnt the lilies' lore;
The pansies blue, all diamond dew,
He, passing, trampled o'er.
The mignonette, the violet,
In vain with incense pray'd—
He never thought that flowers meant aught,
Until he loved a maid.

He heard a mavis calling:
He heard, and then forgot!
A lark leapt high and thrilled the sky:
He heard, and wondered not!
All fain to please, among the trees
Birds peeped and piped and played—
He'd ne'er repeat: "Dear God, how sweet!"
Until he loved a maid.

He never dreamed of Beauty,
He never blessed the World;
The heathered hills, the rippling rills,
The sea's foam-flag unfurled,
The summer's prime, the winter's rime,
The sunshine and the shade—
He did not care that Earth was fair,
Until he loved a maid.

She came! and, with her advent
The very stars drew near,
And every bird his spirit stirred,
And every flow'r grew dear.
And all the Earth went mad with mirth
To hear his homage paid—
"Oh, sure," he said, "I was as dead,
Until I loved a maid!"

J. J. Bell.

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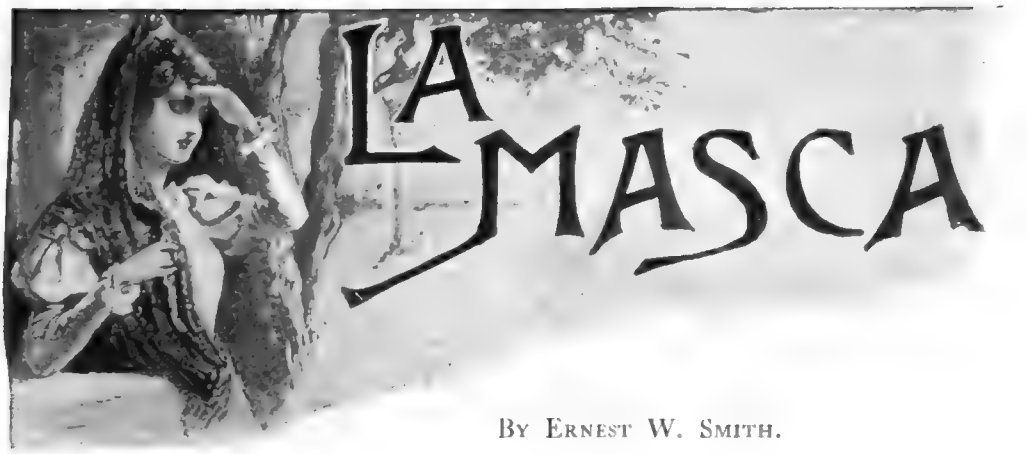

By Ernest W. Smith.

The little settlement of La Masca lay shimmering in the heat of an Algerian summer's day. The sun was already sinking towards the horizon, yet, if anything, the day seemed to grow hotter. The half dozen rudely built dwellings, with their tiny patches of cultivated ground, alone broke the monotony of the vast plain that stretched away on every hand as far as the eye could reach.

At the gate of one of the compounds a woman stood anxiously gazing out along the rough track that led to the small town of Borj bou Areridj, some three and a half miles away. The graceful pose, the olive complexion, the sensuous eyes and dark hair, all bespoke her Spanish blood. Though in the full bloom of womanhood, the freshness of youth had lingered longer than is usual with the women of her race, and as she stood there shading the sun from her eyes, her handsome features alight with loving anxiety, her whole attitude expressive of the concern that filled her, she presented an attractive spectacle.

But her quest was doomed to disappointment; not a single traveller was in sight; and with a sigh she turned away.

On the previous day news had reached Borj bou Areridj that a detachment of French troops had been badly cut up by the Arabs at Ben Daoud—less than a day's journey away. In consequence, most of the inhabitants of the town had at once taken to flight, and even the few settlers of La Masca, poor as they were, had packed their belongings and had fled to Setif—all except Pedro Carvallo, who, in spite of his wife's earnest entreaties, had doggedly refused to follow their example.

"Why should I?" he asked. "I have nothing to fear from the Arabs. I have always been on the best of terms with them, and it isn't likely they are going to harm me or mine. I have done old Ben el Haddad many a good turn, and the Sheikh isn't the man to forget it. No, they won't molest *me*—I am no frog-eating Frenchman. I'd as soon see the Arabs come out best in this affair, and they know it. The French have never given me any cause to love them, and, as far as that goes, I'd just as soon trust myself to the Arabs as to them."

And that very morning, much to his wife's distress, he had persisted in setting off for Borj bou Areridj, partly, if possible, to make a few purchases, partly to see and hear for himself how matters really stood.

He had promised to be back by noon; it was now three o'clock, and still there was no sign of his coming. Reluctantly the woman began to retrace her steps down the little path towards the house. Suddenly the sound of voices reached her from one of the neighboring cottages. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, for with the exception of themselves she had believed the settlement to be entirely deserted, she hastily crossed to a corner of the garden

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from which she could obtain a better view of the quarter whence the sounds proceeded.

Her startled gaze immediately fell on a patch of color moving rapidly across the adjoining inclosure, and the next moment a small party of soldiers in the uniform of the Zouaves issued from the gate and came straight towards the Carvallo's homestead.

Terrified, though without exactly knowing why, the woman's first impulse was to flee to the house and lock herself and child indoors, but by the time she had reached the threshold, calmer counsels had prevailed, and simply telling the child to go upstairs and remain there, she took her stand outside and awaited the men's approach.

"YOU COWARD!" SHE HISSED.

Laughing and joking amongst themselves, they came quickly round the corner, and pushing open the gate, strode into the garden. A big burly fellow with a sergeant's stripes on his arm led the way; behind him straggled four privates, each with a well-filled foraging sack thrown over his shoulder. All were ragged, unshaven, and dirty, and presented anything but a prepossessing appearance.

The sergeant raised his cap with mock courtesy.

"Bon jour," he said. "Hope you are well. We knew that you wouldn't like it if we went past without calling, so we have just dropped in to see how you are."

The men behind burst into laughter, but the woman neither spoke nor moved.

"Those other folks," jerking his thumb over his shoulder, "don't seem to be at home, but it doesn't matter. We've got a few mementos of them, and that will do just as well."

His glance wandered away over the little homestead, and then returned to the woman. She stood facing him with head thrown back like some wild animal at bay.

"You don't seem particularly glad to see us," he continued, sneeringly. "Where's your husband?—I suppose you're married. Is he inside?"

"No, he's not." The words were snapped out.

"Gone off for the day, perhaps?"

"It's no business of yours."

"Come now, don't get angry," banteringly. "It isn't *my* fault if he goes off gallivanting and leaves you at home. Some fresh fancy, I suppose. Oh, those men! They're all alike! But keep your heart up; he'll come back all right; and, in the meantime, take my advice and follow his example. A woman like you, now—!" An amorous leer finished his sentence, and he took a few strides towards her.

Putting out her hand as if to keep him away, she shrank back into the doorway. Every few moments her gaze sought the long stretch of winding road, then it again reverted to her tormentor's face.

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"Oh! we're shy, are we?" he jeered. "Perhaps a common sergeant isn't good enough? Nothing less than a general, eh? Well, just imagine that I am one," and with a sudden movement he caught her by the waist.

Quick as lightning she dealt him a stinging blow on the face, and with a sharp twist freed herself from his grasp.

"You coward!" she hissed, confronting him with blazing eyes and clenched hands.

For a moment the man seemed absolutely confounded.

"You little tigress!" he ejaculated at length, half admiringly, half angrily, "they ought to have made a soldier of you. *Parbleu!* but that was a good one, too," and he rubbed his cheek sympathetically. "But never mind, we'll be none the worse friends, *ma chérie*. You owe me something for that, though, and as I suppose you refuse to pay in kisses, we must just take it out in liquor. It's a thirsty job, this foraging business, and I expect you have some good wine inside there. Won't you ask us in? It may save a few of your hens afterwards, you know."

His tone was friendly, but there was something in his look that terrified her. Again her eyes scanned the dusty highway with piteous anxiety. Still no one in sight! Recognizing that there was no alternative, she bade them enter, and placed some home-made wine before them. The men at once commenced a vigorous onslaught upon it, quaffing it as if it were water, and toasting their hostess at every draught. Gradually they grew more and more hilarious, the rude jest and loud laugh succeeding each other without intermission.

By the door stood the woman, watching, praying for her husband's return. The stillness outside, born of the oppressive heat, contrasted so oddly with the uproar within, that she began to wonder whether it were not all some terrible dream. The heat, too, seemed to be burning into her brain, causing a deadly faintness that bade fair soon to overpower her.

At last the sergeant put down his mug with a bang, and rose to his feet.

"Come on, lads," he said, "we must be going." Then turning to the woman: "That's a drop of good wine, *ma chérie*, and we're much obliged to you. But being gentlemen," and he winked at the others, "of course we couldn't think of going off and leaving our reckoning unpaid. Unfortunately, we've left our purses at home and the bank here is closed; but—well, a kiss from each of us—or four from me, if you would like it better—that would about square our account, wouldn't it?"

His tone was threatening, and as he advanced she shrank away from him with a cry. All her former courage and defiance had vanished; she was now but a supplicating woman.

"Oh, go away quietly and leave me alone," she pleaded. "You call yourselves soldiers and men. Perhaps you have wives of your own! For their sakes have pity on me."

The sergeant only laughed.

"We soldiers cannot afford to have wives," he said brutally; "but we make up for it by having an unlimited number of sweethearts. We're not at all particular; every pretty woman we meet is another added to the list." Then in an instant his tone changed: "Come now, no nonsense! *Ciel!* But I'm going to have one at any rate," and he made a sudden rush at her.

She was too quick for him, however, and nimbly avoiding his grasp, ran out into the garden, shrieking aloud. The soldier followed, muttering threats and curses under his breath.

Startled by the woman's screams, a man riding leisurely down the road towards the settlement glanced up in anxious surprise, and putting spurs to his horse came on at a rapid gallop. Pulling up at the gate he hurriedly leaped to the ground.

"Pedro!" gasped the woman, catching sight of him.

The hot blood surged to the Spaniard's brain, a mistiness clouded his eyes, obliterating everything except the sight of his beloved wife struggling in the arms of her

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brutal assailant. With an oath Carvallo sprang forward, there was a flash of steel as his knife rose and fell, and next moment the soldier lay writhing on the ground in his death agony.

Turning her head away from the horrible sight, the woman threw herself upon her husband's breast, sobbing bitterly.

There was only just time to whisper a few words in her ear, and then the others were upon him. Recognizing that resistance would be useless against such odds, he cast his knife on the ground in token of surrender. In spite of this the leading soldier ruthlessly felled him with the butt of his rifle.

THERE WAS A FLASH OF STEEL, AND THE NEXT MOMENT THE SOLDIER LAY WRITHING IN HIS DEATH AGONY.

The woman flung herself on her knees beside the prostrate figure. One of the men immediately pulled her away, and dragging her inside the cottage thrust her into a chair with a rough command to stay there. For a short time she sat as if turned to stone. The terrible faintness was creeping over her again. Everything seemed shrouded in a blur of heat; the awful silence gripped her soul. With a brave effort she pulled herself together and moved a little so as to be able to see out into the garden.

Her husband was standing close to the gate, a soldier supporting him on each side. Nearer the house two others were laying the body of their dead comrade upon an improvised stretcher—a gate torn from its hinges. Then some one gave a sharp command, the gate was raised from the ground, and the party strode off towards Borj bou Areridj, whilst the woman, in utter abandonment of grief, threw herself upon the floor of the cottage, her whole body shaking with convulsive sobs.

But soon the necessity for instant action somewhat restored her to herself. "Ben el Haddad is at Tarf," her husband had whispered. "Go as fast as you can and tell him that the French are at Borj bou Areridj, only a small detachment, encamped under the hill outside the town. He must attack tonight. It's the only chance."

There was nothing for it but to leave the child at home, and exhorting her to be brave for her father's sake, and bidding her lock herself indoors, the woman set off on her journey. With feverish anxiety she hastened onward, but the distance was considerable, and when darkness fell she was still half-way from her goal. The cool night air somewhat restored her, however, and this, combined with a thorough

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knowledge of the country, enabled her to make fairly rapid progress.

It was about ten o'clock when she finally stumbled into the Arab camp, completely exhausted, and scarcely able to drag herself along.

She was at once led before the Sheikh. The old man—an alert, imposing figure, in long flowing burnous and white turban—closely scanned the woman's features by the light of the camp fire.

"Surely, thou art known to me, my daughter," he said. "Thou art the wife of my good friend, Pedro Carvallo, is it not so? What doest thou here? Thine appearance would seem to say that thou bearest bad news—not of thy husband, I hope?"

"OH, YOU WILL GO, WON'T YOU?" SHE PLEADED, FALLING ON HER KNEES.

"Oh, yes," she gasped. "The worst! The French have taken Pedro." Quickly, as well as her agitation and intense eagerness would allow, she unfolded the whole terrible story, ending with her husband's message to the Sheikh.

"Oh, you *will* go, won't you?" she pleaded, falling on her knees, and stretching out her hands to him. "You won't fail him. You say that he is your friend, and he trusts you."

The Arab took a few steps aside in silence.

"Yes, I will go," he said at length; "partly for his sake, but chiefly because it seems that Allah has sold the infidels into our hands. I cannot promise you that I will save him. If their force is much superior to ours, it would be folly to attack; but we shall see. Whatever happens, it is the will of Allah. Meanwhile, rest here, my daughter, and content your soul."

Turning away, he issued several orders, and in less than a quarter of an hour a long line of mounted men were moving out of Tarf on to the plain.

. . . . . .

The slumbering camp lies wrapped in silence; overhead, the cloudless, star-be-

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strewn sky forms a brilliant canopy. Save for the occasional movement of a picket or challenge of a sentry away on the outskirts, there is no sign of life. The men, wearied with a long day's marching, have found sweet forgetfulness in deep sleep.

There is one occupant of the camp to whom this mercy is denied, however. Securely bound, hand and foot, Carvallo lies restlessly tossing to and fro, one moment bitterly upbraiding himself for not having taken his wife's advice and fleeing with the rest, the next filled with anger and resentment against the dead soldier who had been the cause of all the trouble. He does not feel the slightest compunction for his act. He would do the same again under similar circumstances, he assures himself. Then his mind harks back to his wife and child, and, at the thought of his loved ones, the bitterness leaves him, his heart softens, and a tear trickles down his cheek.

DENSE MASSES OF MEN, WITH TERRIFYING YELLS, POUR INTO THE CAMP.

If only he could break the rope that binds him, he would make a rush for it. Anything to be with them once more! But it is impossible; he is only too securely fastened, and less than twenty feet away a sentry stands on guard.

Where is his wife now? Has she reached the Arab camp yet? And if she has, will Ben el Haddad come? Ah! how the time drags!

He is to be shot at daybreak, before the camp is struck. "For killing a soldier of the French army when in the execution of his duty," were the words of the commanding officer before whom he had been taken. He can scarcely refrain from laughing aloud in the very bitterness of spirit.

"In the execution of his duty!" Persecuting a helpless woman! Was that a soldier's duty? He had attempted to defend himself, but the officer had absolutely refused to allow him to speak, and on his insisting, he had been dragged away amidst a storm of blows and curses, his sentence ringing in his ears.

For the hundredth time he listens with bated breath, striving to catch the faintest sound. He would pray, but his thoughts continually revert to his wife and Ben el Haddad. If only she had succeeded in reaching the Arab camp, the Sheikh will come, he thinks, but unless he arrives very soon, it will be too late. Already the time is rapidly drawing on to the fatal hour. And, moreover, unless the insurgent force can succeed in taking the French by surprise, there is no chance of success. Once the latter are on the alert, superior arms and discipline will tell.

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As nearly as he can judge, it must be about two o'clock. If all has gone well, and the Arabs have set off at once, they ought to be very near by now—he has calculated it out over and over again. Each moment he grows more excited—his hearing seems to have become preternaturally acute.

Hark! Surely that is a shout! No!—Yes! There is another—in the opposite direction this time. In his excitement he pulls himself up into a sitting posture and stares out into the semi-darkness. The crack of a rifle rings out behind him, and almost simultaneously dense masses of men, with terrifying yells and savage shouts, pour into the camp from three or four different quarters. In an instant all is confusion. Around him the startled men are springing to their feet and making for their arms; but it is too late. Already the Arabs are among them, cutting and stabbing with swords and spears. No quarter is given—none is asked—and the sanguinary business is soon finished.

Friendly hands quickly set Carvallo free, and the Sheikh himself helps him to his feet. The Spaniard is about to pour out his thanks, but the old man stops him.

"To Allah be the praise," he says, solemnly, raising his hand. "His is the victory. I am but his poor instrument—and thy friend. We left our horses at La Masca, and there we also found thy little daughter. Thou art indeed favored of Allah this night, my son; before the day breaks, both wife and child will be thine again."

YE LADYES' KNIGHT.

I SING thee a song of a knight so bold,
A gallant brave in ye dayes of olde,
Who lived in a castle with wealth untold,
And he was a Ladyes' Knight.
Ye fair Rosalind, and my Ladye Bet,
And a score or two more whose names I forget—
He fell in love with each maid that he met,
Did this amorous Ladyes' Knight.

Now ye maids were as cross as cross could be
When they found what a terrible flirt was he,
And to bring him to book they did all agree,
And to punish this Ladyes' Knight.
So ye fairest one of ye ladyes wrote
A dear little, sweet little, scented note,
Appointing a time by ye castle moat
For meeting this Ladyes' Knight.

Betimes at ye tryst was ye knight, I ween,
And doubtless dismayed when clearly 'twas seen
That twenty-three damsels in silken sheen
Did wait for this Ladyes' Knight.
They called him this, and they called him that,
They pushed him about, and they crushed his hat,
And fled—when into ye moat he sat,
This ill-treated Ladyes' Knight.

Fled—all but that artful Lady Bet,
And she stayed behind and called him "Pet,"
And assisted him out of ye mire and ye wette,
And so captured this Ladyes' Knight.
Ye knotte it was tied that selfsame day;
He promised to love and she to obey,
And so they were wed, and now people say
He's no longer a Ladyes' Knight.

G. E. FARROW.

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WHAT A BICYCLE CAN CARRY.

By H. T. Vincent.

The bicycle is an unsociable affair, so far as in itself it is apparently a one-horse, or rather one-man—or woman—affair. Not but what we have heard of sociable bicycles and tandems "built for two"—nay, even for as many as ten. But then they cease to resemble the trim "safety," and begin rather to appear like overgrown centipedes.

But that a two-wheeled, single-saddle, ordinary everyday bicycle should be capable of carrying a small community—with a quantity of goods and chattels and live stock into the bargain—is hard to believe.

OFF FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

It can, as the accompanying illustrations testify. Nor are the burdens arranged in each picture merely for a photographic effect. Lieutenant Lee actually rides about, and did ride about while being photographed, with the loads on his machine which we see.

It is not a mere matter of piling people up after the manner of a pile of bricks. It requires very considerable skill to manage a machine under such circumstances, and I should advise the tyro to be chary of how he endeavors to carry the loads Lieutenant Lee succeeds in doing.

In the first illustration the holiday party are really well provided with bags for their clothes and a banjo for the evening. The dog, to judge by his attitude, is not unaccustomed to the experience he is undergoing.

After the art of cycling has been thoroughly acquired, one is apt to forget to a large extent how much one depends on the manipulation of the front wheel to preserve one's balance. The minute turn that may be necessary at any moment to restore perfect equilibrium gradually becomes almost an instinct.

But watch a beginner passing through the agony of learning to ride a bicycle. The sight was once a common one. It was to be seen on almost every private lawn, down every secluded lane, even in the quiet streets of our cities. It is a more universal spectacle now, for every one can bicycle, or almost every one.

Still the sight is to be seen, and in the desperate and spasmodic twists of the front wheel one realizes how one's momentary loss of balance is immediately restored.

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A LIFT ON THE ROAD.

If you fancy yourself as more or less of an expert cyclist, seat a man with a bag on your handle bars and try a short spin—that is to say, if you and the man and the bag and the bicycle are adequately insured.

The first instinctive appeal to the front wheel to preserve your balance is answered by your difficulty in quickly turning it, and while you are struggling a catastrophe is more than likely to happen. Finally, try it with one hand, as Lieutenant Lee is here seen doing.

The feat as shown in the second illustration is not without an element of utility. It shows one way in which a rider and his machine can be carried with, at any rate, an appearance of ease.

The last illustration shows the bicycle decidedly full up. To carry such a load in such a way requires not only extreme skill on the part of the cyclist, but no little nerve on the part of the small boy forming the summit of the pyramid.

Photographs by Russell & Sons.

FULL UP.

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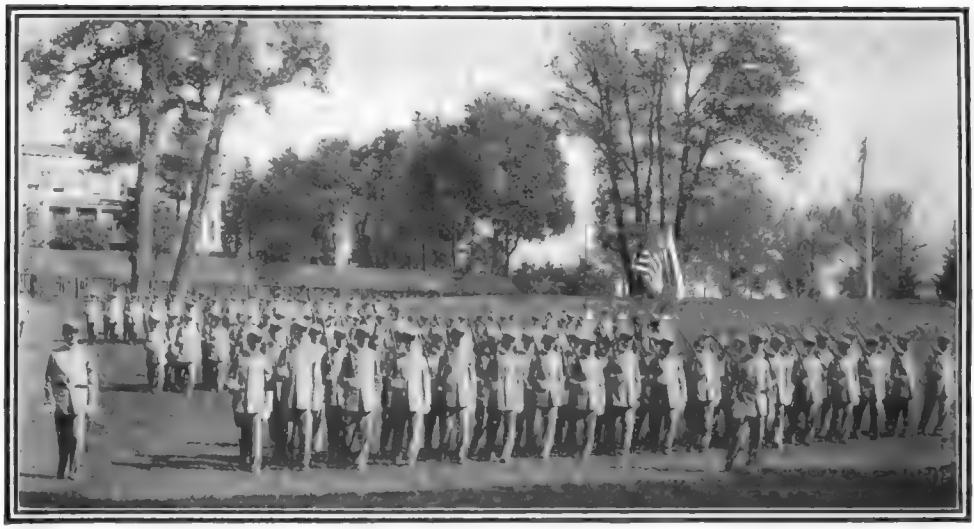

ON PARADE.

DEAF AND DUMB SOLDIERS.

By Harry Dillon Jones.

On one of the most picturesque spots in the upper part of New York City there is an institution on whose green campus can be seen drilling the strangest military organization in the world. The visitor to this Institute for the education of the deaf and dumb is struck first by the beauty of the scenery, the prettiness of the grounds, and then by the peaceful quietude of everything. The very atmosphere breathes the spirit of restfulness. There are no noisy children shattering the silence by shrill cries and wild whoops. The only sound heard as one approaches the place is the crunch of the feet on the well-kept gravel walk and the music made by soft breezes swaying the branches of the tall trees that hide the building from the adjacent road. Of life there is abundance, but of sound of human voice there is absolutely none.

As the campus comes into view the queer military organization is seen at drill. It is a stalwart little battalion; chests out, heels together, all eyes on the military instructor. Suddenly the rifles are shouldered, the line steps briskly forward, and the march is maintained to the limit of the campus, when the uniformed corps marks time, changes front and swings along in a direction obliquely off from that of the first route, marches and countermarches, fixes bayonets, halts, and fronts again in the direction of the drillmaster. Everything is done with machine-like regularity, but from whence or from whom come the orders? It has been the onlooker's privilege to see many military manœuvres, but they were always accompanied by hoarse shouts of command, the blast of a bugle, or the beat of a drum. This strange regiment moves through its manual amid a silence so profound that the only sounds heard are the noisy squabbling of a pair of sparrows disputing over who shall have the bigger half of a worm, and the distant whistle of locomotive and steam tug.

The explanation comes only after a close watch of the drillmaster, upon whom the eyes of the boys are fixed. A quick motion of the hand and the rifles are shouldered; another gesture that is unmeaning to the uninitiated and the company kneels,

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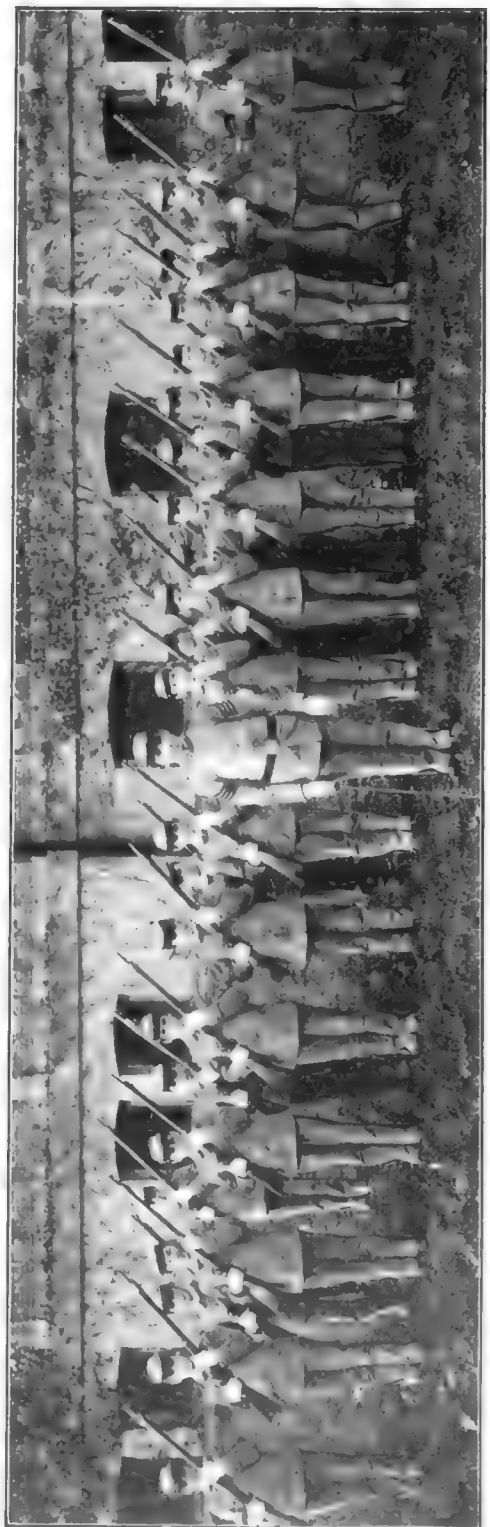
aims, fires, and rises to the original position; a few rapid passes of the hands and the entire battalion forms fours and marches obliquely forward. It is very pretty to see, but puzzling until it is realized that the only man in possession of a normal number of senses is the drillmaster. Every other living creature on the campus is deaf and dumb.

It seems absurd to try and make soldiers of deaf and dumb boys. But the drill that the boys are put through is in reality one of the most valuable means of training in the entire system in use at the institution. The principal, Mr. Enoch Henry Currier, M.A., will tell you how he came to hit upon this method of training the deaf and dumb. It seems that long ago, when the institution was first established, and uniforms were ordered for the boys, the discovery was made by the military tailor to whom the contract for clothing was given that every boy was abnormally constructed, in that he had a narrow chest and a broad back. He reported the matter to Mr. Currier.

"It was then for the first time that it dawned upon me," said Mr. Currier to the writer, "that the fact of a boy being deprived of his vocal organs had such an effect on the lung power as to make him practically a deformity. It showed me that the proper place to begin the training of the deaf and dumb was the gymnasium. Then I thought of the military drill. The exercise that is wanting for the development of the lungs in the case of the boy born deaf and dumb is supplied by the exertion necessary to shoulder arms, go through the bayonet exercise and the military manual, and breathe pure air while marching at the command of a drillmaster. Gradually the style of the suits supplied to the boys changed, until to-day I am proud to record the fact that the narrow chest and broad back is no longer a distinguishing feature of the institution. All the boys are broad-chested and have backs like other boys.

"It required no small amount of trouble to teach the boys the drill. At first, being a new thing, they took to it readily enough,



A REVIEW.

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HOISTING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

but it soon lost its charm and became as irksome as the other duties that require unusual exertion. But in one respect the boys are uniformly to be admired—they are patriotic to the core. They love the flag. They love to be thought part of the military organization of the United States; and nothing pleases them better than to be able to exhibit their precision at drill to a body of visitors.

"It would scarcely be interesting to describe the signals that are given for the various exercises, but they are responded to with greater rapidity than are the orders given by voice to soldiers in possession of their normal senses. It is easier to give an order by sign than by word of mouth, and there is no possibility of our quick-witted boys misunderstanding an order so given. The alacrity with which the drill is carried through, and the alertness of the boys is what astonishes visitors. They can never understand how we can move a battalion with such precision by merely raising a finger or waving an arm.

"The question may be asked as to whether or not the boys would be useful in time of war. It was not the intention to make them so, and marksmanship is not included in the course of instruction. Whether that will come or not, remains to be seen. One thing in favor of a deaf and dumb brigade being able to acquit itself with credit in war time, is that the confusion that arises through the din of battle would never affect those who can neither hear or speak. They could see their officers' motions, no matter how many cannon were roaring.

"One of the greatest benefits that the boys derive from the military drill, next to the physical advantages, is that it accustoms them to discipline and trains them to obey the command of a central authority. Training them individually is a necessity, and in some instances is the only possible way of making the boy learn, but it is the drill en masse that does the most good. Look at the boys as they stand together on the campus. Would any one suspect them of being bereft of two of the most useful senses? Their erect attitudes, firm step, and self-reliant demeanor come from the machine-drill that they get here, when shoulder to shoulder the boys move forward or backward, feeling that they are in this respect at least as other boys, that they can go through the manual of arms like clockwork and present as fine an appearance as a crack regiment of National Guardsmen."

It was astonishing, certainly, but something was lacking—the throaty order of the officers, the tap and roll of the drum, and the burst of military music that sends the troops forward with springy step and sets the spectators wild with enthusiasm. These things are so inseparable from the sight and sound of marching men that it was wonderful that the boys could put the energy and sprightliness into their steps that were visible during this unique drill.

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How I Found the Calgus Mine

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Of all the chance acquaintances I ever made in my wanderings, José Valdez was one of the most attractive, as he was certainly the most splendidly handsome.

Something must be set down to my then condition of mind, of course. At that time I was lolling luxuriously in the lap of fortune, with some of her best gifts thrust suddenly into my delighted grasp. Quite unexpectedly I had come into a large fortune, and this had swept away what seemed insuperable obstacles in the path of my love affair. From a speculative mining engineer on the pounce for gold I had become half a millionaire; and I was making my way to the coast out of that strange wild district of South America where I had been led in search of gold, and where the news had reached me.

All the world seemed golden to me, the future was without a single cloud, and every man I met a pleasing fellow—José Valdez pleasantest of all.

I had overtaken him one evening as he rode on the rough bridle-path, singing a Spanish drinking song, as only a South American can sing. A tenor voice always did make a fool of me, and I liked the fellow from the moment his full-chested notes came echoing back on me from the crags on either side of the road.

In a few minutes we were like chums—and when we found out that we were bound for the same town, Prestajo, we joined forces.

Prestajo is one of the most lawless, wicked, and fascinating little spots on earth. Lying just at a point where three countries touch, and in a wild mountainous district, it attracts to itself a congregation of all classes of men, who like to be able to step quickly out of one legal jurisdiction into another.

Valdez was horse-buying he told me, and I neither knew nor cared whether what he said was right. I was taking Prestajo on my way coastward, because I had heard there was really gold there; but it was the last gold hunt I meant to make, and I was in that happy frame of mind that I didn't care whether I found anything or not.

"There is no gold here," he said with a laugh—when I told what I was after—as we sat chatting over a flagon of wine, on the evening of our arrival a couple of days later.

"I don't care for that," I answered. "I only came on to have the satisfaction of finishing my plans as I had made them. We Englishmen like to carry through our plans."

"Englishmen," he echoed, and he tilted his head slightly to one side as he let his eyes rest on me with a thoughtful, speculative expression. "You would never pass for an Englishman," and he shook his head and smiled. "Your looks, your dress, your accent, your manners, your tastes, everything make you a South American."

"From what part," I returned, smiling—"Chili, Peru, Brazil, Bolivia, Vene-

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zuela—where? I have been five years on this continent, with the exception of one spell of a few months at home, and I can no doubt speak and look the part pretty well—but that's all. I'm English, right enough."

"I couldn't say what part you come from. I should have guessed perhaps Uruguay, certainly not England. Anyway, you have a Spanish eye for a pretty face," and he laughed and showed his teeth as he waved his cigarette toward a very pretty girl who was acting as waitress, "and Englishmen don't know a pretty face when they see one."

I smiled at this criticism, as I would have smiled at anything just then.

"Well, I shall have a chance soon of giving them your message," I answered lightly; "I'm off in a couple of days, and hope to be at home in Old England in a month or two."

"How are you going?"

"I shall slip over the mountains somehow or other, strike one of the rivers or get down to the coast in some way, and then, as chance gives me the route, work my way along to a port to get a passage in some ship or other, either up to Lima or down to Valparaiso, and then wait for a steamer to Europe."

He listened very attentively I thought, and then, after smoking a couple of minutes in silence, he said impulsively:

"I should like to go with you."

"It's a long journey to make for a whim."

But he made no answer, and for a moment seemed quite unusually serious.

After a short time he slid out of his thoughtful fit, and soon was laughing and talking with almost feverish gayety.

I had started home-thoughts, however, and I lolled back on the bench on which I sat, musing with delightful anticipations of the sweetness of the home-going; of the changes I should find there; of the golden future that lay ahead; of the loving eyes that were straining themselves looking over the sea for my coming; of the sweet face that would light up with love when we locked hands.

Heigh-ho!

It was a most glorious night. The long road that swept away from behind us looked like a streak of gray lost in the shadow of the trees that overlapped it, while the big mountains in the near distance rose up in the blue atmosphere of night, hiding the rising moon, whose rays were already topping them.

My companion, noting my silence, began to chatter to a man sitting close by him, and, as I watched his wealth of gesture, the quick play of his features, the lustrous richness of his eyes, and the graceful movement of his handsomely poised head, I could not but admire him; and I fell to wondering how his picturesque figure would look woven into the gray colors of my sober life in England.

Then in an instant I saw a terrible change in him.

From a type of reckless, laughing gayety he turned to a statue of abject, paralyzed fear. His face was set with the lips parted, the eyes staring, and the cheeks salt white; and he crouched and shrank in overmastering terror. I had only once seen a man look like that; and the next instant he was a dying man from a cobra's bite.

The sight ended my dreams in a moment, and I jumped to my feet and looked round for the cause, as he was staring at something behind me.

What I saw staggered me too; and after a cramp in my heart muscles, I felt the blood go rushing through the valves at a rate that set it beating with lusty, lurching thumps.

I was looking straight down the muzzles of three long, deadly rifles, from the breech end of which stern, fierce-featured men threatened me with instant death.

Five other men covered my companion in the same way.

I had been in many a tight place before and knew the value of coolness and self-possession. I made a tremendous effort, therefore, to pull myself together and await developments.

I forced an expression of calmness into my face, glanced coolly into the faces of

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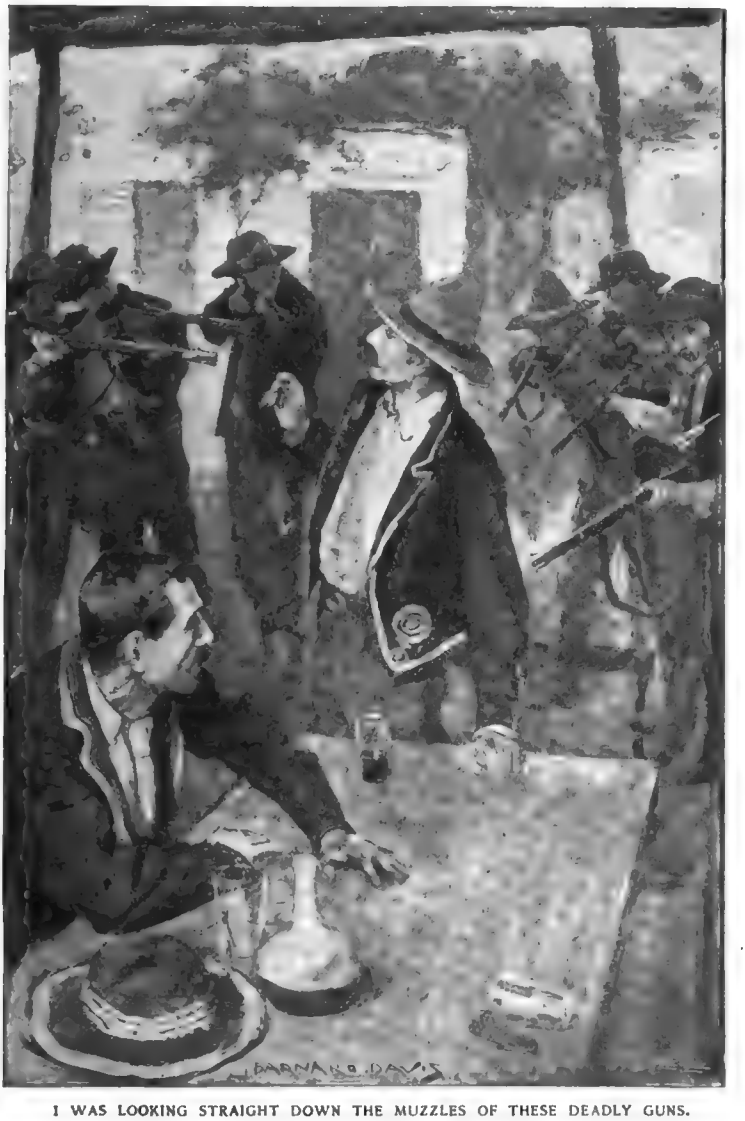
the men, sat down again, and lighted another cigarette in the place of the one which had dropped from my fingers in my surprise.

A dead silence had fallen on everything, and all the people in the place had drawn away from Valdez and myself, and stood together near the house door watching the scene.

In the half-minute in which I had risen to my feet, Valdez had collapsed and all but fainted; and he half sat, half lay on the bench and table, and looked very much as if he would tumble in a heap on the ground.

From behind those who held us under fire, a short, dark, determined man came forward.



I WAS LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN THE MUZZLES OF THESE DEADLY GUNS.

"Stand up," he said, in a voice with a ring of command.

Valdez made an effort to rise, and stood cowering and swaying and trembling, as he clutched the bench and table.

"Stand up. You, too." This with a gesture to me.

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I was watching out of the corner of my eye, but pretended not to see the gesture.

He repeated the command, very angrily, and I knew better than to carry my pretence too far.

"Do you mean me?" I asked, coolly, turning to him. "If so, by what right do you interfere with me?"

There was a movement of impatience among the men behind me that showed me in what peril I stood. My life hung on a thread.

"You know well our right—the right of the Fraternity of Vengeance."

I had heard enough to know what that meant. In that wild corner of the earth, this was one of the societies formed to supplement a far too dilatory and partisan criminal system. There was but one punishment in its code—death; and its methods of investigation were as crude as they were brief.

The members were drawn from the mountainous regions of the three contiguous countries Peru—Bolivia, and Chili; held together by oaths and ties, the betrayal of which meant death, and encouraged by the countenance of all the dwellers in the district whose interests were invariably respected and, indeed, protected by them.

But why they should have threatened me, I could not for the moment understand; but I was not long left in doubt.

I saw that to refuse to obey the command any longer would mean the throwing away of my life without an effort. I got up, therefore, and said:

"I don't in the least understand——"

"Silence!" interrupted the man in command. Then turning, he pointed his finger at Valdez: "Bind him."

The poor devil made no effort at resistance, almost falling nerveless and flaccid into the arms of the three men who seized him and passed cords rapidly round his arms, pinioning them to his sides, and then round his legs.

The only sound he uttered was a dismal moan of fear.

A more sudden and ghastly change I had never seen in a man.

But I had not much time to think of him, for my own situation needed all my wits.

The leader turned again to me as soon as his men had bound Valdez, and with the same gesture ordered them to bind me.

"There is some mistake here," I said earnestly, but he cut me short.

"Not here," he said, waving me to be silent. "If he resists, shoot him," he added. Then: "Bring them both to the horses."

To resist would have been sheer madness. I meant to have a plunge for my life, if it came to that; but it was better to wait.

They bound me as they had bound Valdez, and half dragged, half carried us to the place where they had left their horses. They threw each of us like a sack across the shoulders of a horse, and, mounting, rode off at a rapid pace in the direction of the mountains.

The torture of that ride was horrible. The horse on which I was mounted in this uncouth fashion was a long, bony beast, with an action like a cow.

I lay on my stomach stretched at full length, bound hand and foot; and every time the brute's clumsy action joggled me out of balance, the ruffian who was riding the horse in the proper fashion hauled me back by the thongs which bound me.

Not a word was spoken by any one of the dozen men who formed the band, nor had any one of them, save the leader, broken the silence during the few minutes the scene at the inn had lasted. And the silence was the most impressive feature of all.

We rode some five or six miles along the flat at a pace which threatened to shake the life out of me, when the horses' heads were turned, and the pace dropped to a walk as the ascent of a steep incline commenced.

What seemed like half a year, but might have been half an hour of this continued, until at last a halt was called. We were lifted off the horses, and I found that we were at the head of a long gulch, up one of the steep sides of which we had climbed laboriously and painfully.

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The moon was now shining brilliantly, and the lights and shadows of the woodland scene that stretched away for miles from our feet between the mountains would, at another time, have held me spellbound with their awesome grandeur.

Now, however, I had no thought save for what the band meant to do.

This was very soon perfectly plain.

They were going to hang Valdez without a moment's loss of time, and they set about the preparations in a business-like way.

It's a very simple thing to hang a man, and these grim and silent desperadoes took manifest pleasure in the work.

They selected a tree with a branch over which the rope could be easily slung, carried the miserable victim to the spot underneath it, put a running noose round his neck, and gave half a heave at the other end to tighten it under his chin, and then two stood supporting him between them, while four more held the end of the rope ready to swing him into eternity at a sign from the leader.

All this was done in absolute silence, however, and as I lay back bruised and sore from my terrible ride, I watched the preparations with riveted attention that lost nothing from the reflection that the same fate was possibly in store for me.

The face of the doomed man was truly horrible to look upon. He was a coward, of course, though he couldn't help that; but there seemed to be something much stronger than mere cowardice in the glazed and stony stare in his eyes, as now and then they followed the actions of some one or other of the men who were going to kill him.

I wondered what he had done, and who he was, to have caused this desperate, implacable, steely vengeance.

When all was ready, the man in command, who had been standing by, leaning his arm on his rifle while the death scene was prepared, stepped out to the front.

"Sebastian Gomez, you know your doom," he said, in his stern, ringing tones, full of concentrated loathing and repulsion.

I started at the name. I knew it well enough also, as that of a man who some time before had perpetrated a horrible crime—the cruel murder of a beautiful girl—and had escaped justice by bribery. The terrible Vengeance Fraternity had sworn to have his life, and he was flying the country when I met him. That was the reason why he had proposed to go with me to England.

"Serves the brute right," was my thought when I found out who he was; but at that instant another thought struck me, which, as by an inspiration, let me understand the full reason for the band's treatment of myself, and showed me that my plight was in truth infinitely more perilous than I had dreamed.

I remembered that the wretch had had an accomplice in his abominable crime, and these men no doubt took me for him.

If so, they would almost certainly hang me, and refuse altogether to hear anything I might say to prove that I was not the man.

This thought filled me with such a pang of consternation that I did not hear the few stern words in which the chief of the band dismissed the wretch Gomez—or Valdez, as he called himself to me—to his doom.

An interrupted groan, a guttural, choking sound, the rasp of the rope as it was hauled over the limb of the tree, and the scuffle of the man's boots as they ground against one another in the convulsive struggles of death—and the handsome face, looking ghastly in the livid, horrifying blueness of suffocation, was grinning down at us, with tongue and eyes protruding, as the head hung limp and nerveless from the bough above.

The end of the rope was made fast to the trunk of the tree, and, after a minute, when the limbs had ceased to move convulsively, four or five of the band, as if carried away by a frenzy of feeling, levelled their rifles and fired bullets into the body as it swung heavily to and fro in the moonlight.

Before the sound of the firing had ceased to echo among the woods and hills, the

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band had formed a semicircle round me, with the rock as a background.

Two of them helped me to my feet, and at a sign from the leader cut the withes round my ankles.

"Andreas Corriji, you know your crime. Do you confess to having helped that vile wretch?" And the chief glanced up at the swinging corpse.

"Do you mean that my name is Andreas Corriji?" I asked, looking straight into his hard face.

He answered with a wave of the hand, as though to put aside such a question as that.

"Then you're a liar, and an old fool to boot, and if my hands were free I'd choke the lie in your throat."

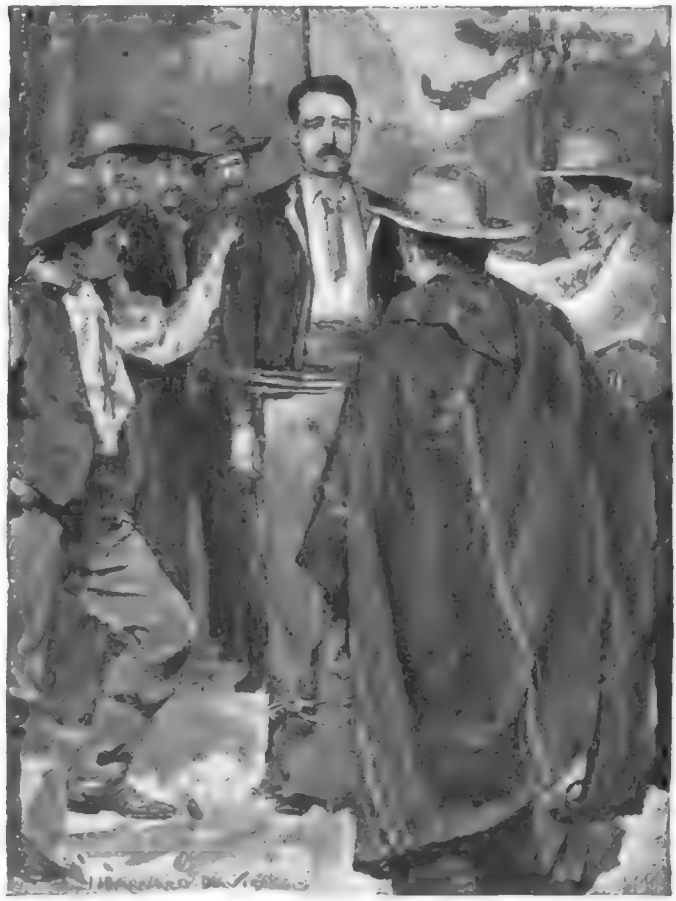
The insult stung him, as I meant it to; and his hands closed on the lock of his rifle, which he half lifted, as if to shoot me down there and then. I wanted to provoke him to make a personal affair of it, and to give me a fight for my life. But he swallowed his wrath, though his voice told of it when he spoke next.

"What is your story, then?"

"I have no story but the truth," I answered, in the same resolute voice. "I am an Englishman, John Martin, a mining engineer, prospecting for gold.

"You were with this carrion. That is not mining for gold. You are too well known for that tale to pass." He took a paper from his pocket and unfolded it and read it by the moonlight.

"I saw that man for the first time in my life three days ago," I said. But he took no notice of me. The paper was evidently a description of some person, and as he read it he glanced at me and checked off each point of apparent identification.



"SEBASTIAN GOMEZ, YOU KNOW YOUR DOOM," HE SAID IN HIS STERN, RINGING TONES.

Then he called up one of the other men, and the two together went over the description item by item in the same way.

"Balqua," called the leader, and a third man stepped forward from the semicircle. "Do you recognize this man?"

"He is Andreas Corriji. I know him well. I last saw him on the 13th of last month in company with Gomez within a hundred yards of Caramito." This was the place and date of Gomez's crime.

"The identification is complete," said

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"THEN YOU'RE A LIAR, AND IF MY HANDS WERE FREE I'D CHOKE THE LIE IN YOUR THROAT."

the leader. "More than enough for us. You will die."

"You can murder me if you like," I said desperately. "Who that little fat lying scoundrel is, and what his motive is for telling that lie about me, I don't know. He never saw me in his life before. I tell you I am an Englishman, and now a very rich man; and every one of you murderers and cowards will have to answer for my death."

"You are no Englishman," said the leader. "You are Spanish. Your tongue betrays you." Then one of the band whispered something to him. "To be sure. You are an Englishman, are you? Well, we can soon test that. There is one here who speaks like a native."

It seemed as if light and shadow, laughter and death, farce and tragedy were to be inextricably mixed in my fate just then. A squat, short, muscular, bow-legged fellow came forward, half shamefaced and all unwilling, it seemed to me, and only in obedience to the bidding of the leader, and insistence of the rest of the band, to question me in English.

Yet he himself did not understand more than the merest smattering.

He spoke to me in a mixture of French, English, and German, pronounced with an indescribable accent. I could not understand him nor he me, though I spoke slowly and distinctly and with the clearest accent.

"He's no Englishman," said the man, after a moment's experiment, glad to get back to the ranks.

And that farce was my death-warrant; for, at the little man's decision, a murmur ran round the group that I understood. It meant that they believed I had tried to fool them, and that there was no doubt of my guilt.

The leader turned toward the rest.

"How say you?" he called.

"Death. He is Andreas Corriji."

I have never been unnerved by peril; and now, the knowledge that death had all but got hold of me only made me all the clearer-witted.

"Stay," I cried in a loud voice, into which I crammed all the command and authoritative will in my power. "Stay. This must not be—for your own sakes. You must not murder me. On the 13th of last month, when that carrion committed that deed, I was at Valjucas——"

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"That is close to Caramito," interjected the leader.

"You must test my statements. Every step of my progress for the last six months can be traced. I left Trinidad six months ago. I spent three months on and round Lake Titicaca, gold-hunting. I was at La Paz for three weeks——"

"It is useless," interrupted the leader again. "On our heads will be the responsibility. We know you for whom and what you are; and you will die. You can have ten minutes for your shrift—more than you allowed your victim."

"What will satisfy you that I am not the villain you deem me?" I asked.

"We are satisfied that you are," was the stern, uncompromising, hopeless reply.

"Satisfied," I echoed, with a bitter laugh. "Why, you have not given me a single chance to prove the truth. Name any test or ordeal you please, and I will submit to it. Down in Prestajo there are a dozen things to prove me what I say. Let two of you ride down and bring up my saddle-bag and you will see."

"We have seen, and are satisfied. Silence!" was the reply.

"Good God! you can't want to murder me in cold blood. Here, on me now, if you search me as I will tell you, you will find the proof of what I say."

"We have searched you."

"Yes, yes; but not the secret pockets. Here, in the pockets made in the sleeves of my hunting jacket, you will find proof that I am an Englishman. At least, you will take the trouble to satisfy yourselves so far.

"One other last word I have to say," I added coolly. "Search the pockets, I tell you, and, if you are not then satisfied, let me at least write a last word to one at home. In England, my bride is waiting for me. Only a week ago I wrote to her, telling her I was on my way home, and that we should soon clasp hands again. If you are determined to kill an innocent man in this way, at least let me write to her what is happening, and that we are never to meet again. She is poor, too, and with a stroke of the pen I can make her rich."

The man waited full two minutes in silence, leaning on his rifle. Then he gave orders for my arms to be unpinioned and my hunting jacket to be taken off, while six of the men covered me with their rifles.

The freed blood ran tingling through the veins in my arms, and the pain was intense. I could not move them.

"IT IS ONLY WASTE PAPER. I WILL SIGN IT."

They found some papers in the secret pockets as I had said; but they could not read them, and would not believe they were written in English.

"So be it," I cried at length, in despair. "I can do no more. If you will promise to have the letters I write sent away, I will give my word not to escape."

I found a small scrap of paper and scribbled a last line to the girl I was to have married. It was better for her to know the truth

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than to drag out her life in a weary uncertainty.

Then I wrote a short will, leaving everything I possessed to her, and called on the leader to sign it.

"If you sign that," I said grimly, after I had told him what it was, "it will lead to your detection and punishment as my murderer. If you refuse to sign it, you will be depriving this innocent girl of her right, and will have proved yourself a mean, dastardly coward. Take your choice."

"It is only waste paper. I will sign it," he said bluntly. "And now we have wasted more than enough time."

"I am ready."

The men closed round me, and a couple of minutes later I was standing as I had seen my companion stand, under the bough of the tree with the noose round my neck, and the other end of the rope held ready for hoisting me.

I am thankful to say I was as steady as a rock.

"DO YOU KNOW YOU HAVE FOUND THE GOLD?" HE SAID.

I put my whole soul into a short prayer for myself, and into an equally fervent hope that the devils who were murdering me would be punished; and lastly, I resolutely shut out all other thoughts except of the girl who was to have been my bride.

Then I stood bracing my nerves to die just at the moment when life seemed brightest.

Instead of the command to hang me, however, something happened which made all the men start.

The sound of three shots came up the gulch; first one, and then two lesser ones in quick succession. After a minute's interval, the three shots were repeated in exactly the same order.

"What can that mean?" asked the leader, as he raised his gun and fired one barrel and then drew his revolver and followed it with two quickly succeeding shots.

Whatever it might mean eventually, the first effect was to cause a delay.

The noose was unshipped from my neck, and we all stood and waited for what was to follow.

Curiously enough, the interruption irritated me. I didn't want to go on screwing my courage up to the sticking place to die pluckily. Once was enough.

But I wasn't to die at all.

It seemed that some time after I had been carried off, a man to whom I had spoken about my gold quest came after me to Prestajo with news of great importance. He had asked for me by name, which of course I had given at the inn; and when he had heard the yarn about my arrest he explained the mistake, and that I was perfectly well known to be an English mining engineer; adding if anything happened to me there would be very serious consequences.

He and two or three others had then set out after us, and arriving at the mouth of the gulch, had fired the guns, an agreed signal, and had thus in the nick of time been able to save me.

Nothing could exceed the man's indig-

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nation at the blunder which the band had made, and he overwhelmed them with a torrent of voluble curses and reproaches, delivered with that irresistible impetuosity of garrulous vehemence which marks the excited Bolivian. In this way he fairly drove them off the plateau with his satire and ridicule, and so turned the proceedings once more from tragedy to farce.

But, before leaving, the man who had acted as leader stepped up to me with the fine dignity which characterizes all of the Spanish race.

"It was a mistake, señor, and the mistake was ours."

I agreed with him.

"But the resemblance is extraordinary"—and the man read out something about black hair and dark eyes.

I suggested that he might still find not a few men answering to this description.

"Truly," he replied, and pulled his mustache thoughtfully. "But I trust señor will forgive the inconvenience we have inadvertently caused him?"

But I was in no mood to forgive, and turned my back on him without another word.

When we were almost alone, my rescuer drew me aside, and said with a grim smile:

"Do you know you have found the gold?"

"What d'ye mean?" I asked, looking at him in perplexity.

"This is the very spot I told you about. I have learnt all about it since I saw you. If I'd been half an hour later your body would have been dangling over what, if I've heard right, is just about the centre of the find."

"What?" I cried in astonishment. "By heavens! I've found gold before, but this sort of prospecting isn't at all to my stomach."

He was right.

I had been within an ace of being hanged right over the very spot I'd been in search of. That's why to this day it's called the Gallows Mine, and why I never think of it without a shudder.

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The War Game

By Captain Alec L. Ridpath.

An authoritative and interesting account of the great game which is played by officers of all nations, with a view to making themselves masters of strategy.

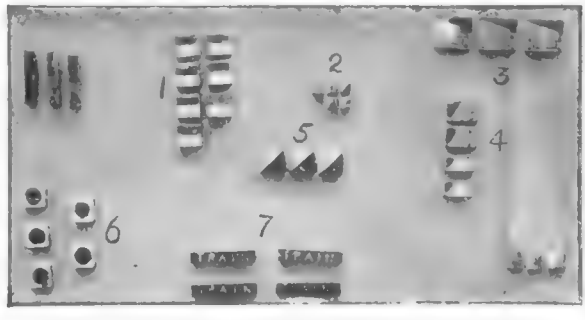
Kriegspiel, or the War Game, is of German origin. Its object is instruction, not amusement, and it should be regarded as a tactical exercise, not as a game.

Military manœuvres with real troops over real country are very costly, and can only be rarely engaged in. The best substitute for them is military manœuvres over maps with dummy troops—that is to say, the War Game.

The umpire-in-chief plays the part of the general commanding in field manœuvres.

He prepares a scheme, which is called "The General Idea," and which is issued to both combatants; also a "Special Idea" for each side. But he cannot foresee how his scheme will work out. I once remember seeing the same scheme played on two different occasions by different players, and working out so differently as to be hardly recognizable.

The "General Idea" lays down the kind of operations which are to be practised—for example, an attack upon a convoy in transit, a flank guard action, an action between an advance guard and a rear guard, the defence of a section of railway, or any other military operation which may be selected.



SOME OF THE PIECES WITH WHICH THE GAME IS PLAYED.

1. Seven half-battalions of infantry. 2. Five half-troops of cavalry. 3. Transport. 4. Two sections and two half-batteries of artillery. 5. Three squadrons of cavalry. 6. Cyclists. 7. Wagons.

The "Special Ideas" represent the orders supposed to be issued by the superior officers to the commanders of the respective forces engaged. A small scale map of the country accompanies each

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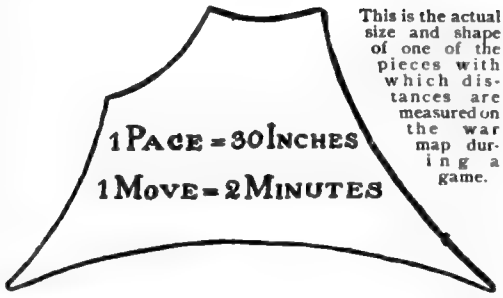
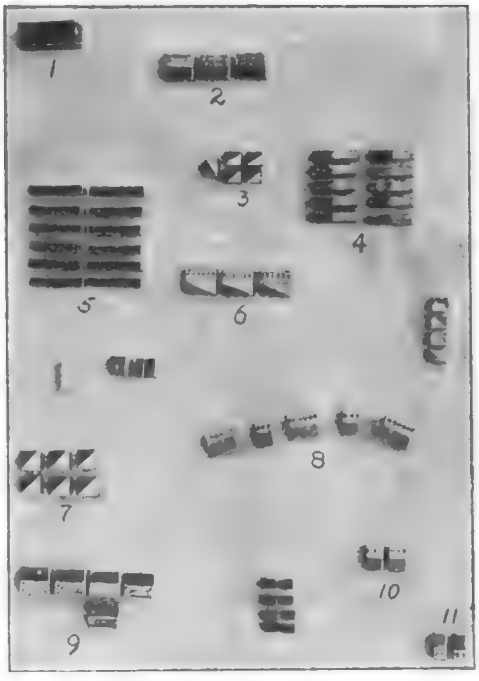
"Special Idea." These maps are usually one-inch maps—that is to say, on the scale of one inch to the mile. It is not probable that maps of larger scale would be available on service. The "Special Idea" informs the commander of the object he is to endeavor to achieve, lays down the force at his disposal, and gives him such other information as the umpire may wish him to receive.



This is the actual size and shape of one of the pieces with which distances are measured on the war map during a game.

Each commander, on receipt of the General Idea, the Special Idea for his side, and his map, issues his orders in writing to his subordinates, who should be provided with one-inch maps. He also sends a report, enclosing a copy of these orders, to the umpire-in-chief. In this way practice is gained both in map-reading and in writing orders—two very essential matters.

The umpire-in-chief decides at what hour of day or night each side is to commence operations and the state of weather supposed to be prevailing at the time—a matter of importance, as it affects the range of vision.



THESE PIECES REPRESENT VARIOUS TROOPS.

1. Officer commanding. 2. Ammunition reserve. 3. Five troops of cavalry. 4. Ten half-battalions of infantry in line. 5. Twelve companies of infantry in extended order. 6. Three batteries of artillery. 7. Six squadrons of cavalry. 8. Three batteries and two half-batteries of artillery. 9. Ammunition reserve. 10. Two half-batteries Royal Artillery. 11. Two sections R. A.

All these preliminaries are usually got over before the day on which the game is to take place.

The game itself is played upon three large scale maps (usually 6 inches to the mile), screened off from one another, one map being for the umpire and one for each side. The players should not be allowed to see these maps till the game begins.

The troops are represented by small blocks of metal, painted red for one side, blue for the other, and marked to show which branch of the service they belong to. These blocks are of different sizes, according to the force they represent; single men, messengers and cavalry vedettes, are shown by colored counters.

One or more assistant umpires are told off to each side.

Moves are by time, such as a half-hour move, a five-minutes move, a two-minutes move, and so on.

The umpire-in-chief decides the length

ANOTHER OF THE MEASURING PIECES.

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of each move. When he has called a move, each side has the right to send troops in any direction as far as they would be able to go in the time given, unless they are checked by the enemy. The rate of marching of the different arms is calculated and deductions made by the umpire for time lost in passing obstacles, reconnoitring, or for bad country. The assistant umpires measure off the distances on the map with compasses or with a specially made metal measure which is familiarly known as a "gigger;" they then place the troops, subject to the above limitations, in accordance with the players' wishes. On Red's map only red forces are shown, unless any of the blue forces would be visible if the game were being played on real country, in which case the blue forces are also shown on Red's map.

The same rule, reversed, of course, holds good for the blue forces as well. But both forces are shown on the umpire's map.

The time is always carefully kept. It must be borne in mind that the duration of a move has nothing to do with the actual time taken by the assistant umpires to move the dummy troops into the required positions. When "the time" is mentioned, it is the time relating to the stage of the battle which is always meant.

The positions of the commanders on both sides have always to be indicated. This is usually done with rather larger blocks of metal made to stand vertically on the maps.

As the game develops, bodies of troops become detached in different directions, such, for instance, as the cavalry, which is rarely with the main bodies.

The commanders of detached troops are not allowed to communicate with their commanders-in-chief, nor with each other except by messages, which should be in the form of properly written reports. The time the messenger would take covering the distance to be traversed is calculated, and the message is handed to the officer to whom it is addressed at the time he would receive it.

When possible, the commanders of detached troops are made to work on separate maps. If necessary, they are called in to see the umpire's map, such portions of the field as would not be visible to them being covered up.

In this way officers are obliged to act upon such conclusions as their own intelligence may enable them to draw from what is known to them of the enemy's movements. And they have to depend on their own dispositions and the capacity of their subordinates for gaining accurate information.

When two bodies of troops are engaged the umpire decides which has to retire, how much it has suffered, or, in extreme cases, which is annihilated. Occasionally the toss of a coin is resorted to when circumstances require it. For example, if two batteries of artillery come into action at the same moment, on equal ground, at a decisive range, it is evident they could not long remain firing at each other without result. The battery which first suffered seriously would then have to retire or suffer extinction from the superior fire of its opponent. All being equal, the umpire would spin a coin to decide which side must withdraw. But such equality of chances does not often happen.

When the umpire is satisfied as to the result of the struggle, he stops the game and calls both sides to his map, criticises the orders given and the manner in which they have been executed, explains mistakes, and offers suggestions.

It will be seen that it is important to have a capable and experienced officer to act as umpire, as the value of the exercise much depends on the scheme set, the manner in which the game is umpired, and the criticisms passed when the play is over.

It must not be supposed that the War Game can ever take the place of field manœuvres, any more than the experience of years of manœuvring can be balanced against that of a single scientifically conducted campaign.

Nor does it always follow that an officer who is very successful at the War Game and manœuvres will prove a great commander in the field. There is one notable instance,

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at least, where this test of a general's capacity proved disastrously delusive.

Nevertheless, the War Game tends to develop the habit of reflecting on tactical problems, and applying correct tactical principles to their solution. It helps to teach officers to penetrate the designs, dispositions, and condition of the enemy from slight indications, while masking their own, and it promotes the study of scientific warfare.

and all his reflection having been done beforehand, he was ready to act vigorously. Wellington as a young man made a point of studying all that bore upon his profession. Thus we see the great captains of the past did not disdain the study of tactics. It is to promote and assist this study that the War Game was invented and is so largely played.

There is not a soldier in America or Europe, however distinguished he may be,

A GAME IN PROGRESS.

Von Moltke was a proround military student; so also was Skobeleff, the great Russian general of the last Russo-Turkish War. Nelson was noted for his knowledge of naval tactics long before the opportunity came to him of distinguishing himself by their practice, and it was his constant habit ever to be reflecting on tactical problems. It was thus he prepared his mind to seize instantly the salient points of any problem which actually presented itself to him for practical solution,

who does not think it worth while to give up time to setting schemes and umpiring War Games. The British officers at present commanding in South Africa, are one and all devotees of the game. Lord Methuen, Sir E. Wood, Sir F. Clery, General French, and General Baden-Powell are all players, while General Gatacre is a favorite umpire. The game is not infrequently played by officers at the front, as it affords pleasant recreation, and at the same time has a most important educational value.

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"IMPEDIMENTA"

By Gerald Brenan.

I.

In the chaos of baggage upon the steamship dock, the brown portmanteau and the Saratoga trunk found themselves side by side. Under the circumstances this was awkward; but the portmanteau belonged to a man of the world, and difficulties terrified him not.

The ice had to be broken; and the portmanteau made the first plunge.

"I—er—believe that we have met before?" he remarked politely.

"I should not have thought," rather coldly answered the Saratoga trunk, "that you would care to recall the circumstances. They were, at the least, distinctly painful."

"You allude, I presume, to the episode of our two owners? That was undoubtedly painful, but I cannot see why it should affect our own relations."

The American trunk was silent for a moment, and then said in somewhat mollified tones:

"Perhaps you are right. Our proprietors' love quarrels need not extend to us. We are not in love."

"On that subject you must really speak for yourself," replied the portmanteau, with a gallant creak. "By the way, the first scene of the last act in this unhappy though romantic drama occurred——"

"At Waterloo Station. He had heard that she was going home to America, and waylaid her in the hope of reconciliation. But she cut him dead at the station."

"I quite remember it," resumed the portmanteau. "Do you know I really think that he had an idea of starting with her on the boat for New York? At any rate, he brought me with him, and I lay ready labelled on the platform. But when she turned her back on him like that, he sent me back to his hotel. Three days later we left London for the East."

"Ah, the dear East," the Saratoga trunk murmured. "It was there that we met first, was it not?"

"Yes, at Shepheard's. My owner and myself had just returned from a perfectly horrible time in India, and we decided on a week's laze up the Nile."

"And I was with Mrs. Pelt Van Pelt's party. Mrs. Van Pelt is our married sister, you know. They made some mistake, and you were sent up to our

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room. I well remember how nervous you were."

"No wonder. I was a lone bachelor portmanteau among any amount of giddy feminine trappings."

"It must have been awkward. After a while my mistress found you out, however, and took a good look at your labels. I heard her say to Mrs. Van Pelt: 'This valise belongs to a Captain Richard Assheton. I wonder why he spells his name with that ridiculous double letter.'"

"The idea of calling me a 'valise'! So American!" interjected the portmanteau. "Still, your mistress was a very charming young woman, and captivatingly sprightly."

"She is charming still, though scarcely so sprightly. Between ourselves, she felt that episode keenly."

The portmanteau creaked with evident impatience. "Then why, in the name of all that is sensible," he said, "did she act so? It was all her fault, surely."

"Nothing of the kind," the Saratoga retorted; "it was wholly the fault of your deceitful Captain Assheton."

There was another silence, broken at length by the portmanteau:

"Well," he said, "we needn't fight about it. As you say in America: 'This is not our funeral!' I recollect when my owner saw yours first. He asked a servant her name; and I heard him repeating, several times: 'By Jove! That Miss Carrie Dunham is a deucedly pretty girl.'"

"That certainly showed that the man had some taste. She noticed him, too, because I heard her talking to her sister. Then they met under Lord Ballymenagh's wing. You remember Lord Ballymenagh?"

"Little red-haired man who went about good-naturedly, introducing everybody. He was something on the Sirdar's staff, I think."

"Yes; and he spoke so highly of Captain Assheton that Mrs. Van Pelt actually ended by inviting him to join the party."

"Which he did with enthusiasm. Do you remember how tenderly he looked after you at Port Said? I assure you, I felt quite neglected."

"Ah, but Miss Dunham kept you in mind. I can still hear her begging him not to forget his dear old valise."

"The first proposal occurred at Malta, did it not?"

"Unquestionably. She came down to her stateroom and told Mrs. Van Pelt all about it. Indeed, she was sitting on me at the time, so I ought to know."

"She had put him on probation. I heard him tell his friend, Macleod. He was to meet them again in London, and receive his final answer. . . . Ah, that answer! How can you, of the gentler sex, act so cruelly?"

"Cruelly? What nonsense. My dear mistress had no alternative but to do as she did. Do not forget the shameful conduct of Captain Assheton."

The portmanteau was astonished and said so.

"The shameful conduct of Dick Assheton," he repeated. "I cannot penetrate your meaning."

"Your nation is proverbially slow of comprehension," snapped the American trunk. "But it is surely hypocritical on your part to pretend a lack of knowledge of your master's notorious frailties. You must be aware that in Paris he so far forgot his boasted love for my mistress as to publicly pay court to that awful creature that they call 'The Queen of the Quarter.'"

"You mean Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes?*"

"That is exactly whom I do mean. At the painters' ball (a most disreputable function, I believe) your master led Mademoiselle Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes* upon the stage, and formally presented the wretch with a gorgeous diamond-and-ruby tiara, in full view of an audience of howling students. My mistress's brother-in-law, Pelt Van Pelt, was present and actually saw him do it."

The portmanteau creaked violently.

"And such," he cried, "was the mysterious reason why your mistress jilted poor Dick Assheton? That was why she refused to see him, when he came for his

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answer? Such was the cause of her cutting him at Waterloo Station?"

"Such, as you observe, was the reason for these things," said the Saratoga, sharply; "and a very sound reason, too, so far as I can see."

The portmanteau gave vent to a fit of leathery laughter, greatly to his companion's disgust. So vigorously did he chuckle, in fact, that, from his lid (which had been left open for the convenience of customs' inspection) there slipped out a carelessly packed roll of old newspapers. The roll, striking the sloping deck, was only stopped from falling into the sea by the presence of the offended Saratoga.

"There," exclaimed the latter. "But for me, you would have lost some of your property."

"Pray pardon me," said the portmanteau, becoming suddenly grave, as he caught sight of the papers. "I am deeply grateful for your civility in saving that roll. It is more valuable than it looks."

"And now," remarked the trunk, "perhaps you will be so good as to explain the cause of your—your cachinnatory hysteria."

"What a clever trunk you must be to use such long words. Any one can see that you come from Boston. The cause of my merriment, eh? Well, I was laughing over the very ridiculous mistake made by your mistress and her meddlesome donkey of a brother-in-law."

"Mistake?"

"Certainly. The superb tiara which my master presented to Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes*, did not come from himself. He was merely an instrument in the presentation. The diamonds and rubies were a gift from the Rajah of Nuggerapore, who had seen Fanny in the previous year in Paris. He sent the diamonds to her from India, in charge of his friend, Captain Assheton. I ought to know, because the tiara was stowed away inside me all the way from Madras. The noisy student reception was merely a carnival joke, which the fair Fanny played on my master. The whole story was in the Parisian papers at the time, and if your mistress's brother-in-law had taken the trouble to read them——"

"HE FORMALLY PRESENTED THE WRETCH WITH A GORGEOUS DIAMOND-AND-RUBY TIARA," SAID THE TRUNK.

"He neither speaks nor reads French, poor fellow."

"Ah, that explains it. And so, because of his ignorance, two young hearts are to be severed, and two happy lives blighted."

"It is very sad," sighed the Saratoga sympathetically.

"Sad! In my opinion it is criminal. But

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let us consider. Is there no way by which matters may be set right? Fate has brought us together once more."

"And we may never meet again. Dear me, I never wished so fervently for the power of human speech before. Could I make myself understood, I should lose no time in explaining to my mistress this hideous error about Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes.*"

AS SHE SPOKE SHE HANDED TO THE ASTONISHED MISS DUNHAM THE NEWSPAPER WHICH SHE HAD JUST BEEN PERUSING.

"Human speech is, of course, out of the question. But I really think that I see another way out of the difficulty. You remember that roll of newspapers which fell out of my internal arrangements, and which now lies by your side? Well, this morning, as Barnes was packing me, he found those old papers and put them in hurriedly. What do you think they are?"

"Indeed, I cannot guess."

"Nothing less than several Parisian morning journals, with full accounts of the presentation to the fair Fanny on behalf of the Rajah of Nuggerapore. If only Miss Dunham can be induced to see the articles in question."

"Better again," cried the excited Saratoga, "if only her maid, Angelique, should find them. And here, in company with a customs' official, comes Angelique herself."

II.

Both the Saratoga trunk and the portmanteau were being examined by the customs' authorities.

Miss Carrie Dunham and Captain Richard Assheton stood near their respective heaps of luggage, but the average stranger could never have guessed from the manner of either one that there had ever been the slightest acquaintance between these young people.

As Angelique, Miss Dunham's maid, was proceeding to unlock the Saratoga trunk, her quick eyes fell upon the roll of French newspapers which had dropped from the portmanteau.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "the 'Figaro,' the 'Matin,' the 'Gaulois'—I shall have all the news now."

She picked up the papers and, after a

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glance at the year-old date lines, was about to throw them away again, when a picture and heading in one of the journals attracted her attention. She read the decidedly frivolous account with growing curiosity.

"*He!*" she cried. "But this is a very strange business."

Then, forgetting all about custom-house people, she tripped toward where her mistress stood, still holding the newspapers in her hand.

"Oh, Mademoiselle! What an occurrence! What a providence! Read, I beg of you, this article."

As she spoke she handed to the astonished Miss Dunham the newspaper which she had just perused with so much interest. The article in question described the presentation to the fascinating Mlle. Fanny *Bagues-aux-pattes*, of the Rajah's splendid present, through the medium of his Highness's friend, Captain Assheton.

"PROMISE ME YOU WON'T QUARREL WITH HIM," SAID CARRIE.

Miss Dunham gasped when she read this revelation. Then her fine eyes filled with tears, and she turned sadly toward her maid.

"There has been a terrible mistake, Angelique," she whispered.

"Alas, yes, Mademoiselle. It was the fault of Monsieur Van Pelt. But, indeed, Mademoiselle must not give way. I have a plan to make all right again. If Mademoiselle will only consent to a little innocent deception—a little private theatricals, as it were—we may save the day."

"What can I do, Angelique?"

"Mademoiselle must pretend to faint upon the Saratoga trunk yonder. *M. le Capitaine*, being a gallant man, will come to the rescue."

Carrie Dunham dried her eyes.

"Indeed, I will do nothing of the kind," she said. "It would not be honorable."

Angelique shrugged her shoulders. "It is the only chance, Mademoiselle," she said; "and, look, *M. le Capitaine* is about to go."

It was true; Assheton was sending his servant for a cab.

Quickly Carrie Dunham stepped forward, and touched him on the arm.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I have no right to address you, but if you will be kind enough to allow me a few minutes' speech, I should feel very grateful."

Dick Assheton tried hard to look stiff, but the effort was a failure.

"You are welcome to address me when you please, Miss Dunham," he said.

She held out the paper which Angelique had given her from the roll.

"Only this afternoon," she faltered, "have I learned that I wronged you last year. This article put me in possession of the true facts regarding the presentation which you made to the actress who is mentioned there."

"Good Lord," he interrupted, "you don't mean to say that—you surely didn't think——"

"It was my brother-in-law's fault," she exclaimed hysterically. "He speaks

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no French, and has no time to read anything but the stock reports in the newspapers. Unfortunately some one brought him to the students' ball, and he witnessed the whole affair. He thought that it was his duty to tell me, and a few days after he came to the little Devonshire cottage where we were staying, and gave me a full account of what he said was a most disgraceful scene."

"And you believed him?"

"I did. At home he's a strict churchman, and I have never known him to tell a lie."

"Then give me a good liar," growled Assheton wrathfully, "or else a churchman who stays away from students' carnivals."

"He—he meant well."

"Of course he did. They usually do."

"And I am sure that he will apologize to you, Captain Assheton, as I do now. Good-by."

She was turning to rejoin her maid, but Assheton stopped the way.

"Do you mean to say," he cried, "that, having come forward to acknowledge your error, you are going away once more?"

"But—but what can I do?"

"To begin with, you can shake hands."

"But I don't——"

"You don't want to be reconciled?"

"Oh, yes," holding out her hand, which was fervently gripped by Assheton.

"Then what do you mean, Carrie?"

"I mean, Captain Assheton, that I don't want it to look as if—as if——"

"It certainly shall not, if you wish it. I'll come and see you to-morrow."

"The day after to-morrow, please."

"No, to-morrow. Your brother-in-law might discover another mare's nest."

"You are tyrannical."

"But remember how I have been tyrannized."

"Very well. To-morrow, at Mrs. Van Pelt's."

"Will Van Pelt be there?"

She smiled.

"Yes; but promise me you won't quarrel with him."

"No; I am far too happy to quarrel, even with Van Pelt. My revenge shall be a generous one. I shall teach him French."

III.

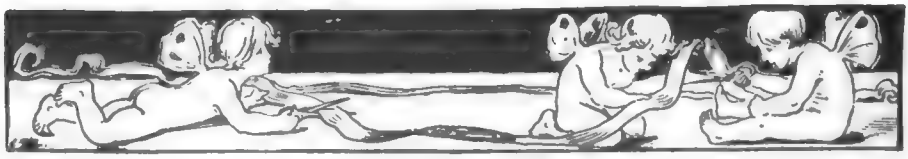
"Well?" said the Saratoga trunk to the portmanteau, as they parted company on the dock. "We shall meet again, I fancy."

"I rather think so," answered the portmanteau. "Everything seems to have turned out admirably."

"Admirably indeed, old friend," the trunk exclaimed ecstatically. "Do you know, I think there may be a wedding before Advent?"

"And then we shall always travel together, you and I."

But the Saratoga trunk was coy, and said nothing.



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FIRST EFFECT OF THE EARTHQUAKE SHOCK. A CORNER THAT SUFFERED SEVERELY.

A TOWN THAT IS SLIPPING INTO THE SEA.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

The inhabitants of the picturesque little seaside resort of Sandgate, situated on the Kentish coast a few miles south of Dover, were thrown into a frantic state of terror and excitement on March 4, 1893, when a portion of that town began to slide and slip about in all directions, as if constructed upon an ice foundation. The ground vibrated violently to the accompaniment of ominous rumblings; several houses collapsed about the ears of their unfortunate tenants as if built of cards, while others rolled and staggered to and fro in an alarming manner, eventually assuming the most extraordinary positions.

When finally the subsidences ceased, the district appeared as if it had suffered a severe bombardment at the hands of an invading foe, so complete and widespread was the devastation and desolation.

Of course, several hypotheses were immediately advanced by seismologists and geological *savants* to explain this phenomenon, but only two of these remain tenable. One contention is that the heavy rains which had prevailed for sometime previously had caused the subsoil to move, while others opined that the scouring action of the sea had washed away the land, causing the highlands, by sheer topheaviness, to gradually slide downwards, until they once more settled upon a solid foundation.

In view of the fact that the sea has made considerable incursions upon this part of the English coast, the latter explanation appears the more probable; but whether this be the case or otherwise, the district evinced unmistakable signs of slipping into the sea, and the profound fears of such of the inhabitants as dwelt within the affected area regarding the safety of their

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AN UNFORTUNATE STABLE-YARD.

goods and chattels were not allayed until the landslip ceased. But during the forty-eight hours which it lasted many houses were shattered and families rendered homeless, while the damage inflicted to property was about $25,000.

As is generally the case in such eccentricities of Dame Nature, some of the results of the catastrophe were most peculiar. Our third illustration is a gentleman's private residence and grounds which, as may be seen from the bathing machines, were almost situated on the seashore. The house itself, beyond assuming a list to one side of several degrees, appears to have suffered very little, but the same cannot be said regarding the conservatory abutting the building. The glass roof has almost a switchback resemblance, though, strange to relate, notwithstanding these curious contortions, scarcely a pane of glass was broken. Then look at the ruins in the foreground. This heterogeneous mass of bricks, mortar, and glass is the remains of a glass house built against a brick wall, which, not being sufficiently stable to resist such untoward freaks of nature, simply collapsed, bringing the glass house down with it.

The buildings and walls so carefully erected by the builder were thrown out of the perpendicular to such a dangerous extent that they threatened to fall and bury all beneath them at any unexpected moment.

Most extraordinary is the effect of the slip represented in our fourth illustration. Along the road is seen a yawning crack where one part has slipped away from the other. That the landslip only occurred at intervals, and with fluctuating severity, is shown by the fact that the lower part of this land continued to move a long time after the upper part had come to a standstill. The long, sinuous object stretching diagonally across the picture is the iron water pipe. This was originally buried about two feet below the surface of the earth, but when the land began to subside the pipe refused to sink with it, and was consequently forced up through the earth. When it reached the surface, however, its further progress was barred by a stout iron hurdle. As the pipe could

IN THIS PARTICULAR CASE THE HOUSE SUFFERED LITTLE DAMAGE BEYOND THAT OF BEING TILTED TO AN ANGLE. THE CONSERVATORY WAS ENTIRELY DEMOLISHED, CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, WITH SCARCELY A PANE OF GLASS BEING BROKEN.

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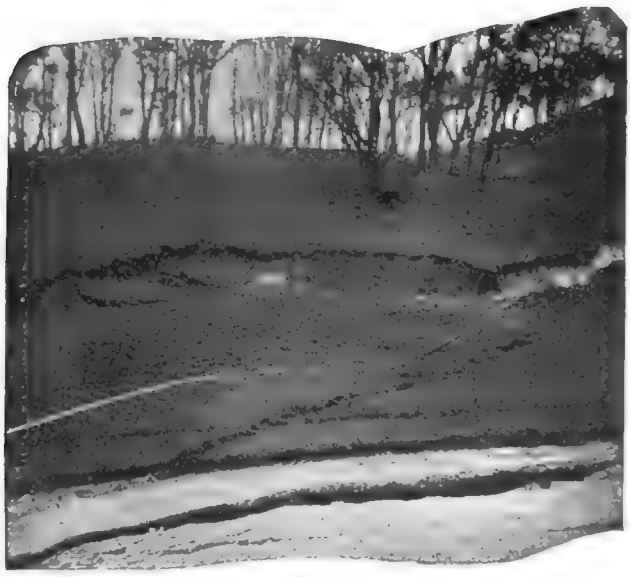
not very well break through this obstacle, it tore it up, bending the buried legs of the hurdle in so doing. The pipe finally broke in two where a bank was created through one part of the land falling away from the other. The bed in which the iron water pipe originally reposed is plainly distinguishable.



TWO EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF THE LANDSLIDE. THE GAP IN THE FRONT IS ALONG A ROAD. THE PIPE WAS ORIGINALLY BURIED TWO FEET BELOW THE SURFACE.

One stable-yard with accompanying buildings was completely shaken to pieces by the catastrophe. The window was detached from the surrounding brick-work, which was cracked in all directions; the lintels and doorposts of the entrances were twisted in the most fantastic manner, while the outer wall, of which the upper portion had collapsed, tearing away the flooring in its descent, was bent like a bow. The line of the disturbance in this case can be easily traced in our illustration. There are the sunken and disarranged bricks extending across the stable-yard and through the building, which was shattered so violently as to cause a yawning gap in the rear wall. This building, of course, like many others, had to be entirely demolished before re-building, being absolutely beyond repair.

Observe the two houses of which we give an illustration. Surely Herculean strength has been applied in the effort to push the houses over. In this instance a scarcely more apposite appellation could be bestowed upon the buildings. Spring House appears as if it had been constructed upon springs, which, being suddenly released, had thrown the building into the most extraordinary convulsions. And the ground floor has suffered extremely as a result, while the outer wall has been completely torn away by the force of the concussion. Had it not been for the next-door habitation, Spring Cottage, nothing could have prevented the building from toppling completely over. There is no doubt but that the brunt of the subsidence in this case was concentrated under the foundations of Spring House, while it scarcely affected Spring Cottage.

SPRING HOUSE AND SPRING COTTAGE AFTER THE CATASTROPHE.

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It is a wonder that the residence did not collapse in its entirety after having its equilibrium so extensively disarranged.

We give an interior illustration of the entrance hall of this *undesirable* residence, which presents a most bizarre appearance. The door has a tremendous list to the left, while the archway in the front of the picture is leaning in the reverse direction. The walls are cracked and the ceiling has succumbed to the potency of the land-slip by precipitating the plaster upon the floor. At the time of the disaster the house was tenanted, and it is remarkable that the householders were not overwhelmed and killed. Strange to relate, not a single life was lost in any part of Sandgate through the landslide, although the damage to property was considerable.

THE FRONT HALL OF SPRING HOUSE. THIS IS NOT A PHOTOGRAPHIC FREAK, BUT AN EFFECT OF THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE BUILDING SLIPPING FROM UNDER.

Much of the distress occasioned through the catastrophe fell upon the poorer classes, and as no recompense could be obtained from any insurance company to cover the damage inflicted, a public subscription was opened to alleviate them from suffering, and so great was the sympathy extended toward the unfortunate sufferers that in less than three weeks $30,000 had been subscribed.

Only such as have experienced a severe earthquake can adequately realize the feelings of those who were in their houses during this landslip. Likewise it may safely be asserted that the individuals unfortunate enough to have been in their dwellings during this catastrophe have now a thorough knowledge of what a genuine "land-shake" is like.

It is an uncanny and horrible sensation —once felt never forgotten.

The ground beneath us is the one solid, immovable thing we know of—at least we are accustomed to regard it as such. When the earth shakes under us there is a terrible helplessness—a horrible uncertainty. An overwhelming awe possesses even those who are used to earthquakes. Gentle and minute as the vibration really is, the fact that it is beyond the control of man impresses him with a feeling of its vastness and his smallness.

Naturally enough the initial idea of the inhabitants of Sandgate was that they were experiencing a terrific earthquake. One of the first to give the alarm was a woman at the Coastguard station. At eight in the evening she burst out of her cottage crying out that there was an earthquake.

More than one person had noticed strange happenings even on the previous day. One gentleman heard a peculiar rumbling or rushing, as of slipping sand, and a few minutes later noticed in a corner of one of the rooms of his house a distinct crack down the outside walls.

Drain pipes, water pipes, and gas pipes suffered severely, and, being broken, added not a little to the general misery.

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FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

By Mabel H. Robins,

Author of "Lady Cicely's Vow," "The World's End," Etc.

I.

"I HAVE asked Paul Kesterton down to join our house-party, Nancy," said old Mr. Carew to his favorite granddaughter. "He will be here in time for the dance to-night, but I want to talk to you about him before he arrives."

Nancy lifted her pretty face with interest. "Who is he?" she asked. "He sounds nice."

"That is just what I am afraid he is not," replied the old man gravely. "From all the tales I have heard, he is not at all nice. Indeed, I should not ask him down, except for the sake of my old friend Kesterton, whose nephew and heir he is."

"And do you want to warn me against him, then?" asked Nancy, smiling.

The old man looked at her lovely face and dainty figure, and his shaggy eyebrows met in an anxious frown.

"That is exactly what I want to do," he said. "The man may be all very well in his way. He is, I believe, very good to look at, and from all accounts has a charming voice, but——"

"But? And what is the 'but'?"

"Well, he is very fast; he keeps racehorses, and is altogether undesirable, and not at all a fit companion for a young girl. That is why I thought it better to warn you, dear. It would be so dreadful if—if you lost your heart to him; because, of course, a marriage with such a man I could not allow, and I should not like my little Nancy to suffer. So I thought it would be better to advise you to have as little to do with him as possible."

The girl laughed amusedly as she threw her arms around the old man's neck and kissed him.

"All right, grandfather," she cried; "I shall be able to take care of myself!" But all the time a persistent longing assailed her to see this bold, bad, yet apparently irresistible man.

. . . . . .

It was later in the afternoon and Mr. Carew was driving Paul Kesterton up from the station.

"The Grange is quite full," the old man said. "I daresay you will find many acquaintances among the guests."

"And your little granddaughter Nancy? I suppose she is quite grown up? I remember her as a fluffy golden-haired baby when I was a boy; and, being asked to kiss her, I remember how very much I objected to the performance."

Sir George laughed. "I am afraid you would not object so much now," he said. "Nancy has grown up very pretty. I hope we shall be able to keep her near us always. Young Borthwick of the Manor is very much *épris*, and it would be a most suitable match altogether. Nothing would please her grandmother and myself better. It would be most satisfactory in every way. I only trust nothing will happen to prevent it."

"And Miss Carew? Is she content to fall in with the arrangement?"

The old man pursed up his lips. "Nancy, of course, will consent to whatever my wife and I think best."

And Paul shrugged his shoulders.

II.

The fiddlers had struck up and the dance had begun. Nancy had scarcely spoken to the new arrival; but she looked at him with interest after her grandfather's conversation, and his tall figure and strong face found favor in her eyes.

She was, indeed, a little piqued that he did not ask her to dance. The evening went on, and she saw him going round with all her cousins, and she knew she could dance better than they.

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A waltz had begun, and she was standing by herself for a few minutes. She turned round suddenly, and found Paul watching her from the door.

She tilted her chin a little higher, and then he came up to her.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance?" he asked.

"I have already promised it to some one," said Nancy ungraciously.

"That some one does not seem anxious to claim it, does he? The dance has begun some time."

Nancy flashed an indignant look at him, but meeting the laughter in his eyes, she smiled too, and placed her hand on his arm without another word.

It was certainly the best dance she had had that evening. On and on they went, moving round in perfect harmony to the music, until the fiddles, suddenly growing quicker, broke forth in a presto, and hurried away into silence. Then Kesterton and Nancy stopped, and he took her out into the cool hall.

"You can't think what bad things I have heard of you," said Nancy with a mischievous glance, as they sat down.

"Indeed?" he answered, as he turned to look at her with his dark eyes; "I hardly think my peccadillos would form a very interesting topic. Perhaps you have undertaken to reform me?"

There was an underlying amusement in his tone, which annoyed Nancy.

"Before wishing to reform any one," she retorted, "one would take some interest in the person. I have not the slightest desire to reform you, but I mean to make a study of you all the same. You are a *rara avis*—a specimen I have never yet come across."

He watched her varying color with enjoyment, and smiled.

"You are not consistent," he said. "You contradict yourself. Surely you must take some interest in a thing of which you make a study?"

She shook her head with a mischievous smile. "Not at all," she replied. "One has to study the most uninteresting things sometimes, and I rather pride myself on being able to master the driest subjects."

He leant towards her with his arm on the back of the sofa on which they were sitting, and regarded her thoughtfully before he spoke again.

"How fond your teachers must be of you!" he then said slowly. "I should think you are held up as a pattern to the whole school, are you not?"

Nancy looked at him indignantly. The use of the present tense was such a direct insult to her twenty years. Then, as the music had recommenced, she rose with dignity from her seat.

Kesterton rose, too. "May I have another dance later on?" he asked.

"No," her lips parting with a smile, "You have been too rude."

"Then shall I leave you here, or would you rather go back to the ballroom?"

Perhaps Nancy was disappointed. Perhaps she had expected to be pressed for another dance, but not a suspicion of chagrin could Kesterton detect in her voice as she answered—

"I will go back to the ballroom, please," and so he took her back and left her.

They did not meet again until tea-time the next afternoon, for the men had been out shooting all day.

The hall was looking warm and comfortable, and most of the party had gathered round the huge log fire.

Kesterton came and sat behind Nancy's chair as she was drinking her tea.

"I wonder what is the connection between apostles and spoons!" he said looking intently at a small silver spoon in his hand, as if the explanation he asked for were an all-important matter.

Nancy laughed. "I am sure I don't know," she said. "Perhaps the apostles had a tendency that way. Even nowadays dwellers in Church-land are more susceptible to the influence of the softer sex than other men, don't you think?"

"Are they? I am afraid I have never considered the matter." His glance had deserted the silver spoon and was now rest-

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ing on the small animated face only half a yard distant from his own.

"Why, yes," she went on, "There are many clergymen whose congregations are wholly composed of women, and wherever they go they have 'twenty love-sick maidens' following in their train—and sometimes matrons, too."

Kesterton smiled. "I begin to believe," he said, "that you are a student of human nature after all. How are you getting on with your last new study?"

"My last new study?" she repeated, wonderingly. "Which do you mean?"

"Why, myself, of course," a little impatiently. "You said you were going to study *me*."

She shook her head. "I have given up all idea of that now," she said.

"Why?" he asked, a vein of disappointment running through his tone. "Am I too dry a subject even for you?"

A little thrill of pleasure ran through her because he had remembered her words.

"It is not because you are too dry," she said, "but because you would not be improving to the mind."

"I don't see how you can know that until you have tried," he said coldly.

"If you had been told a book were bad and you were advised not to read it, would you feel inclined to do so?"

The fire leapt up, and Nancy was startled as she met the quick flash of anger in Kesterton's eyes, but his voice was very quiet as he answered—

"I think I should be just; I would not take other people's opinions on the subject, but I would read the book and judge for myself." And then he rose from his chair and went over to the other side of the hall.

And Nancy wondered how it was that she had never found Gerald Borthwick such a bore before as she felt him to be now, when he hurried into Kesterton's vacated chair.

III.

It was a few days later and Kesterton came into the room where Nancy was sitting over the fire.

"Miss Carew," he said, "it is very bad for you to stay indoors all day. I am going out for a walk; will you come with me?"

Nancy looked up lazily from her book. "It is too cold," she said, "and I am sure it is going to snow," glancing at the dull leaden sky, "and I hate snow—don't you?"

"It is more likely to thunder than to snow," he said persuasively, "do come."

Nancy hesitated a moment longer and then gave in, and in five minutes' time she was ready, and the two were wending their way through the park, the frosty ground ringing hard and crisp beneath their feet.

They went on in silence for a few minutes until they were quite out of sight of the Grange.

"And now," said Paul, "you are going to tell me all the bad things you have heard about me, and inform me who are the people who said them."

Nancy shook her head.

"I shall not," she said. "I never repeat tales. Besides," a little shyly, "I have made up my mind not to be influenced by them. I intend to follow your advice and judge for myself."

A swift gleam of pleasure lit up his eyes. "Thank you," he said simply. He looked at her for a moment and then remarked: "How different you are from your cousins."

"Am I? In what way?"

He hesitated a moment. "They seem to be such warm-hearted girls, while you—you are like that icicle hanging there," pointing to the tree above him; "just as lovely, just as pure, just as cold, and"—lowering his voice so that she could only just catch the words—"just as far beyond my reach."

Nancy's pace grew a little quicker, and a faint access of color rose to her cheeks.

"You do not practise what you preach," she cried. "How can you judge what I am like when you have known me such a little time?"

"I judge you as I find you," he answered; "and you have been very freezing to me."

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They walked on, talking idly, and neither of them noticed how late it was getting, nor how the day was drawing in. A sense of fatigue at last woke Nancy to the state of her surroundings.

"How dark it is, and what a long way we have come!" she said. "It will be very late before we get back!"

"It is not so late as you think," said Kesterton. "It grows dark so early now. But we have come further than I intended. I wonder where we are." He turned round and glanced about him. "That looks like a farmhouse over there. Let us go and spy out the land. We might be able to get something to eat and drink —for you will miss your tea—and perhaps a trap to take us back—for I am afraid you are dreadfully tired. I ought not to have brought you so far."

Nancy went with him, nothing loth. The wind was getting up and it was much colder than when they had started; and now, that the fact was brought to her notice, she felt very tired indeed.

Kesterton's eyes had not deceived him. The light he had seen from the distance proved to be a farmhouse, and the farmer being a tenant of Mr. Carew's, the two were welcomed with effusion. Mrs. Brown made Nancy sit down by the blazing fire, and after a few minutes' absence returned with two steaming cups of coffee and some hot cakes of her own baking.

"This *is* nice," said Nancy as Paul sat down beside her. "How they will envy us at the Grange when they hear of our adventure!"

"We are very lucky," said Kesterton, watching her with a smile. "We might have been stranded and obliged to walk home. Won't you have any sugar in your coffee—ah! then you don't know how coffee should be drunk!"

"Which is the right way?"

"It ought to be as sweet as love, as black as the devil, and as hot as—well, the lower regions!"

Nancy laughed. "I am afraid I prefer it without the love," she said, "and the other things only in moderation," and she filled her cup up to the top with cream.

"Ah, you are wrong!" said Kesterton, purposely taking her words in an emblematical sense. "You should not defy Love in such a reckless way.

> "Without love, our solid joy,
> Life's but a foolish empty toy,
> And hardly worth possessing."

"I don't agree with you," she said thoughtfully. "Speaking as an on-looker, I think life would be much happier were there no such thing as love. Think of the sorrows, the tears, and heart-breakings that would be saved."

"And think of the smiles, the joys, and the happiness which would be missed." He turned and looked at her curiously. "You speak only as an on-looker then?" he queried. "You have never experienced the tender passion yourself?"

"Never," with a little deprecating wave of her hand, "and I hope I never shall. People look so foolish when they are under its influence."

He laughed amusedly. "Was I not right in calling you an icicle?" he said. "But you will not be so always. You will fall in love one day like everybody else, and will look just as foolish, too."

She moved her head restlessly under his gaze, but did not answer. Instead, she rose from her chair and went and looked out of the window.

"Why, it is snowing," she exclaimed, "snowing hard!"

"What a good thing we are able to drive back," said Kesterton, joining her. "We shan't get wet, as it will take us a very little time to get home."

"I shall not trust you as a weather prophet again," she said scornfully. "You said it was more likely to thunder than to snow."

"Did I?" laughing. "I daresay. You see, I wanted you to come out with me so badly."

The dogcart was outside, waiting for them.

"Are you warm enough?" he asked, looking anxiously at her. "Let me turn your collar up, or the snow will get into your neck."

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He turned up her seal-skin collar until it reached the edge of the seal-skin toque, and quite concealed the golden coil of hair. Mrs. Brown, standing a few yards off, wondered why such a small action should take such a long time.

IV.

The days flew by only too quickly. A fortnight passed and the party at the Grange was soon to break up.

Fortunately or unfortunately an attack of gout had kept Mr. Carew to the house, so that he had not been a witness to his granddaughter's growing intimacy with the man he had warned her against.

For Paul and Nancy had been inseparable and Gerald Borthwick looked on and sulked.

And to-day, while the two had been skating round the lake hand in hand, with the dry fresh air blowing in their faces, Paul had asked Nancy to be his wife, and Nancy had said "Yes."

It was only as they were walking home together that the outer world was remembered, and the first little cloud came across their happiness.

"I don't know what grandfather will say," said Nancy, anxiously. "He will never give in. He is so antiquated in his ideas. He thinks marriages ought only to be brought about by convenience, and that love should have nothing to do with them."

There was a sound of halting footsteps on the frozen ground close beside them, and Nancy started violently as Mr. Carew appeared round the tree.

"I am afraid this is an occasion when I am obliged to undergo the common fate of all listeners," he said grimly.

They neither of them answered, for his sudden appearance had been rather alarming.

"May I ask what you are doing," the old man asked sharply of Kesterton, "with your arm round my granddaughter's waist?"

Nancy tried nervously to free herself, but Paul only held her closer.

"Nancy has promised to marry me," he said simply, while an expression of resolution settled down on his face.

Mr. Carew's eyes gleamed. "What does this mean, Nancy?" he cried sternly. "I told you, you were to have nothing to do with him."

"I am sorry, grandfather," she said with a lovely upward glance at Paul, "but I could not help loving him."

"And you, sir," turning to Kesterton and striking his stick fiercely on the ground. "I call your conduct a breach of trust. I was so careful to confide my views concerning Nancy's future to you."

"You told me you wanted her to marry Borthwick," scornfully. "Then let Borthwick win her."

"Do you mean to say," angrily, "that you both mean to persist in this folly?"

"Nancy and I are going to be married, if *that* is the folly you mean."

The old man looked at them sternly beneath his shaggy eyebrows for a moment, and then an expression of triumph crossed his face and he chuckled audibly.

"I may be antiquated in my ideas," he said grimly; "in fact I know I am—for as long ago as the Creation, Adam and Eve realized the attractions of forbidden fruit." He paused a moment and chuckled again.

"Do you know," he cried, "that it was my greatest wish and your uncle's keenest desire"—turning to Paul—"that you two should marry? If I had told you this beforehand, you would have detested each other; but now I have succeeded by going about the matter in my own way. You both looked on the other as forbidden fruit. Eh? Ah! I have lived long enough in the world to understand the contrariness of human nature, and all I can say is, God bless you, my children." And then he kissed Nancy, wrung Paul by the hand, and hobbled away.

And the two stood looking at each other blankly.

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HOW ITALY ROBS HER POOR

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

UNTIL you come to live in Italy, you do not realize the extent to which gambling is fostered by the Government. There is not a street in any town of importance which has not its lottery office—some streets, indeed, have two or three—and every sort of device is employed to allure those who can least afford to lose.

Every Saturday, in each of the eight principal towns of Italy, a lottery is drawn in one of the public squares. The mayor presides over the proceedings, and a choir-boy from the cathedral attends in his surplice to draw the numbers out of an urn like a coffee-roaster.

The numbers are from 1 to 90, and five of them are drawn every week. Any sum, from a penny upward, may be invested on the appearance of either one, two, three, or four numbers. The odds offered are: 10½ to 1 against one number, called *estratto*; 250 to 1 against two numbers, called *ambo*; 4,250 to 1 against three numbers, called *terno*; and 60,000 to 1 against four numbers, called *quaterno*. It is considered so impossible that any one could guess all five numbers, and the odds would be so prodigious, that the five are left out of the calculation.

The Italians are a superstitious people, and they have recourse to every sort of omen and divination to discover the right numbers, but it remains a very rare thing, even for those who play every week, to hit upon a *terno*, and a *quaterno* would be an event in a man's life—indeed, in that of all his friends and neighbors as well.

I have lately been bitten with the lottery mania and have induced all my friends of all classes to talk about it. I have hovered about the little lottery shop opposite my hotel and chatted with the clerks and their friends. If I had not taken a mathematical degree at Cambridge and been able to discover the shameful shortness of the odds which the Italian Government offers, I am sure I should spend all my spare cash on numbers which would never turn up. For it is a fascinating subject, and I can well understand its appealing to an emotional people.

I first put a well-known man of letters through his paces. He told me the first thing to do was to buy a dream-book, and he showed me a fat volume of some 800 pages, which was his own particular guide, philosopher, and friend. It consisted simply of a dictionary with a number (from 1 to 90) attached to each word. Whenever he dreamed of anything, he looked it up and staked on the numbers given. He considered it highly important that his ticket should always be taken for him by a humpback at the lottery office.

The week before he had dreamed of a pope and two cardinals, which gave him the numbers 9 and 44. For this he was going to take a ticket for the lottery at Rome, choosing Rome because of its connection with the Pope. You car

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your numbers in any office for all or any of the eight towns where lotteries are drawn in Italy.

For some years now my friend, who is an Englishman, has spent five or ten francs a week on the lottery. He is perfectly satisfied, because it affords him innocent amusement, and he has two or three times won eighty francs on an *ambo*. Whenever a great event engrosses public attention, he always backs the numbers suggested by it. At the time of the Jubilee in England he staked on 60, 73, 43, which were given for the words Victoria, Queen, Empress in his dictionary; 60 and 73 (for Victoria and Queen) came out, but 43 (for Empress) did not, and he reproached himself for having backed such a new-fangled title. If he had taken 19 instead, which was suggested by the year of the Queen's birth, he would have won a *terno*, which, with his method of staking, would have meant some $1,500. No. 60, as he points out, was doubly suggested by the years of the Queen's reign.

My washerwoman assures me that the only infallible way of winning is to dream that you see three or four numbers actually written up somewhere. A friend of hers, who is a coastguardsman at Palermo, was waked up by his wife in the middle of the night, and told to write down four numbers she had just dreamed in that way. Sure enough, the numbers all came up, and the man was enabled to retire on the proceeds.

The keeper of a coffee-house told me he once dreamed three numbers in the same way, and hastened to stake a substantial sum. Two of the numbers came up, and he duly won something on the *ambo*, but he remembered, after the numbers were out, that he had really dreamed another of them, and mistaken it in the morning.

The Government often loses large sums when a popular omen comes off—at least so I am told by the keeper of the lottery office over the way. Not long ago there was a murder in Leghorn, and many people took 28, the number of the house where it occurred, 16 for the day of the month, and 66, the number representing blood in the dictionary. All three numbers turned up, and many big prizes were won. Similarly, when Victor Emmanuel died, the omen turned out right, and every one in Naples was excited for weeks afterward. The big Paris fire also gave some successful numbers.

Certain lottery offices are favored for superstitious reasons. There is one in the "Street of the Madonna" here, and all the most pious gamblers resort thither because they think the Madonna will help them to win. Each lottery keeper gives tips, either privately to his friends, or else by means of a great red board outside his shop.

It is his interest to have as many customers as possible, for winnings up to 1,000 francs are paid in the shop where the ticket was taken, and it is the custom to give the keeper of the shop 5 or 10 per cent. on all winnings. This is a great imposition, particularly in view of the short odds already given, but Italians—even those who gamble on the lottery every week—look on a win as a marvellous windfall, which it is their duty to give or spend away as quickly as possible.

If it becomes known that you have won a trifle at the lottery, your life will be made unendurable by beggars for ages afterward, and you are expected to give away a good deal more than you gained.

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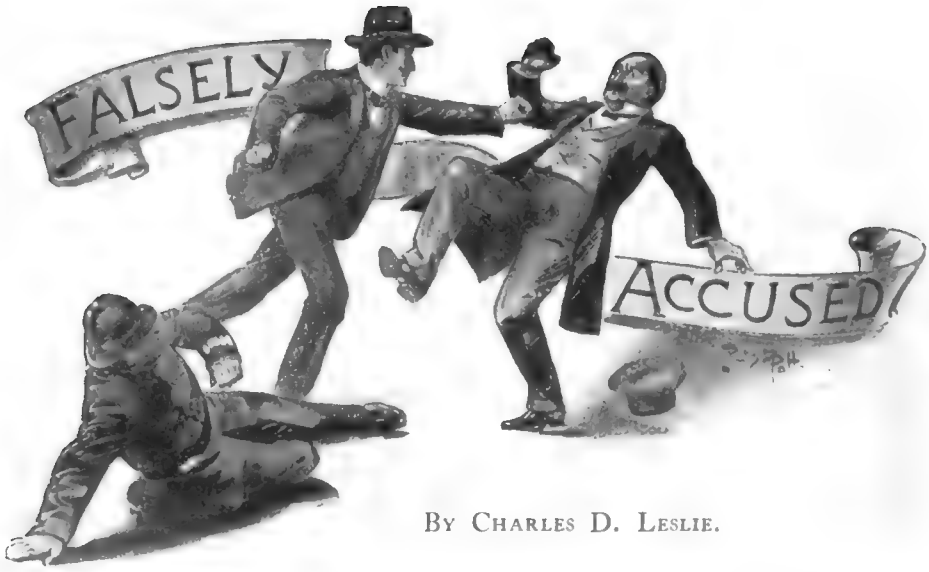

By Charles D. Leslie.

I never had much sympathy for melodramatic heroes and heroines when, through a strange concatenation of circumstances, they became falsely accused of various offences from murder downwards. I only smiled when the villain's accusations were promptly believed by the other characters, when the accused person's explanation was declared absurd, when the conveniently handy and wooden-headed policeman arrested the culprit. Such things I deemed belonged only to stage-land, a region having laws and customs of its own. But I have recently changed my views, and my philosophy has perforce been enlarged.

It was upon a bright June day that I left London for Poppleton, bound on a visit to my uncle, the Rev. James Mackenzie. He had recently accepted the living of Bondon, a little village four miles from Poppleton, the latter a sleepy, old-fashioned country town, and this was my first visit to the locality. I found my uncle waiting for me at the station, and packing my portmanteau and myself into the dogcart, we drove by pleasant country lanes to the vicarage.

"You've come just in time for the bazaar, Dick," he observed presently, when we were nearing our destination.

"What bazaar is that? Is it for your church?"

"No, for the Poppleton Parish Church. It is to be rather a big function and will be held in the Town Hall. Your aunt and Madge take a stall and you, I expect, will be impressed to aid."

My relations, I found, were full of the bazaar; nothing else was talked of that evening. Aunt Susan and Madge had been working for weeks in connection with it and anxiously discussed its fate. Poppleton was horribly unenterprising; fancy dresses and other extraneous aids to success, though talked of, had been discarded. There would merely be a sale of work and a concert in the adjoining room, with the additional dissipation of raffles on the second day for everything of value left unsold.

Next morning the ladies drove in early to arrange their stall. Uncle James and I followed directly after luncheon and joined them in the ugly red brick building, which was the *locale* of all this amateur philanthropy. It had not yet been opened to the public, but was the scene of fierce confusion and bustle, workers—male and female—rushing about with ant-like activity and apparent lack of order. I lost sight of my uncle, but presently came upon Madge conversing with a small and daintily attired lady, a widow by her dress, and carrying a music case under her arm.

"Ah, here is Dick," cried Madge;

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I MURMURED CONDOLENCES, AND SAT DOWN BESIDE HER.

"Emma, let me introduce you to my cousin, Mr. Mackenzie; Dick," she continued to her friend, "will take you into the concert-room, and now I must go back to mother."

Owing to the crowd the passage was difficult, and I offered the lady my arm, which she gratefully accepted, and piloted her into the adjoining room, where the concert was to be held. It was now almost empty. My companion sat down and sought her smelling bottle. "I am afraid," she murmured plaintively, "you will think me a very poor creature, but the noise and confusion there have quite upset me."

I murmured condolences, and sat down beside her. Presumably my sympathy or the smelling bottle revived her, for she chatted vivaciously, and I soon began to think her charming. Presently, observing that she had to play the overture in the forthcoming concert, she put her hand to her belt and uttered an exclamation:

"There! How stupid of me; I have come without my watch, and my music case is locked, and the key on my chain. How annoying!"

"Could I not fetch it?"

"I hardly like to trouble you, but if you would be so good-natured. I left watch and chain on the dining-room mantelpiece. My little cottage is not half a mile off, and, if I were not such a bad walker—where do I live? Fairview, at the top of the Maybourne Road. Oh, thank you so very much."

Bearing a memory of her farewell smile, I hurried off on my errand, elbowing my way through the well-dressed throng now pouring in, and, quitting the building, turned to the right, where I had a half idea Maybourne Road was. After ten minutes' brisk walking I began to fear I was at fault, and regretted I had not sought minuter directions, when I came upon a pretty, detached house, with Fair on one gate pillar. Opening the iron gate, I entered and rang the bell, which was promptly answered by a trim maidservant.

Just as the door opened, it suddenly occurred to me that I did not know the name of the lady whose messenger I was. Madge had only half performed the ceremony of introduction, but we had got on so well that I had forgotten to have the omission repaired. But I evaded the difficulty neatly.

"Your mistress left her watch and chain behind her; so I have come to fetch them. On the dining-room mantelpiece."

"Her watch and chain, sir?"

"Yes," I answered, stepping into the hall as I spoke, for I was anxious to lose no time, but to win another smile by a prompt return, and, laying my hand on the nearest door-handle: "Is this the dining-room?" The girl answered in the affirmative, so I entered forthwith, and the first thing I saw was the watch and chain, not on the mantelpiece, but on the table.

I caught them hastily up with one hand and put them into my jacket pocket, making some remark to the maid as I did so, when, turning, I was aware of a gentleman

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standing by the servant on the threshold, regarding me curiously. I gave a slight start of surprise, for his presence was unexpected. Madge's friend was plainly a widow—a young widow; it could not be her son—possibly this was a brother. I had imagined she lived alone, but there was no warrant for my supposition.

"Good afternoon," I said, inwardly wishing I could remember, or, rather, had obtained the lady's name ere I came on this errand; "I came for the watch. The key is wanted, don't you know, to unlock the music case."

"Yes, I see you have come for the watch, but pray, who sent you on the errand?"

"The lady of the house, of course."

"Are you quite sure of that?" he said, dryly.

I tried to keep my temper.

"Look here," I said, "I don't know who you are, but give me your name and I will explain more fully."

"With pleasure. My name is Daunton. I am the master of this house; that watch and chain you have just pocketed belong to my wife, and as she is at this moment in her room I rather doubt your statement."

"Have I made a mistake?" I stammered. "Haven't you a lady staying here who is now at the Town Hall and about to take part in the concert? She didn't give me her name, but she left her watch at home and I came to fetch it."

"Jane, fetch a policeman," was all the answer Mr. Daunton vouchsafed.

"A policeman!" I cried, horror-stricken. "What, you don't mean—how dare you accuse me? Do I look like a thief? Hang it, man, can't you see I'm speaking the truth?"

I fairly lost my head as the embarrassment of my position fully dawned upon me. It was plain I had made a ghastly mistake, yet surely my dress and the tone of my voice must convince my accuser that I was a gentleman? But he greeted my expostulations with a contemptuous smile. I was considering the advisability of knocking him down, and trying to make my escape, when, to my horror, the maidservant reappeared with a stout blue-coated constable.

The prompt appearance of the policeman, who actually was on the spot when wanted, seemed the crowning blow of fate. When had such a thing ever happened off the stage?

"Constable," said Mr. Daunton, in a metallic voice, "I give this individual in charge for an attempted theft."

I had ere this deposited the watch and chain again on the table. Had I only looked more closely at them before, I should have seen that there was no key attached to the chain; but assuming I was in the right house, I had snatched them up without consideration.

"Very good, sir," answered Robert.

"He obtained access to this house by telling the maid a cock-and-bull story of having been sent by the mistress of the house to fetch her watch. He confesses he does not even know the name of the lady who, he alleges, commissioned him to call for it."

"That's a very old trick, sir."

"Trick!" I spluttered, "it's the truth. I've merely mistaken the house."

The policeman laid hold of me. "Best come quietly, and it's my duty to inform you that——"

"I can easily prove that what I say is correct. I admit appearances are against me, but all I ask is that you accompany me to the Town Hall—I'll make no effort to escape—and there my friends will convince you that my story is true. My name is Mackenzie. I am an architect by profession, and the nephew of the Rev. James Mackenzie, of Bondon. My aunt is a stall-keeper at the bazaar now being held."

Now, surely this was a straightforward request which should have convinced any ordinary person of my innocence, but those two suspicious fools only looked wise, and the policeman gravely shook his head. "You must come with me to the police station," he responded, "and be charged, and then you can send a message to your friends."

Deaf to my protests, I was marched out of the house, but in the garden a bright idea occurred to my mind. At all risks I determined to avoid the humiliation of being

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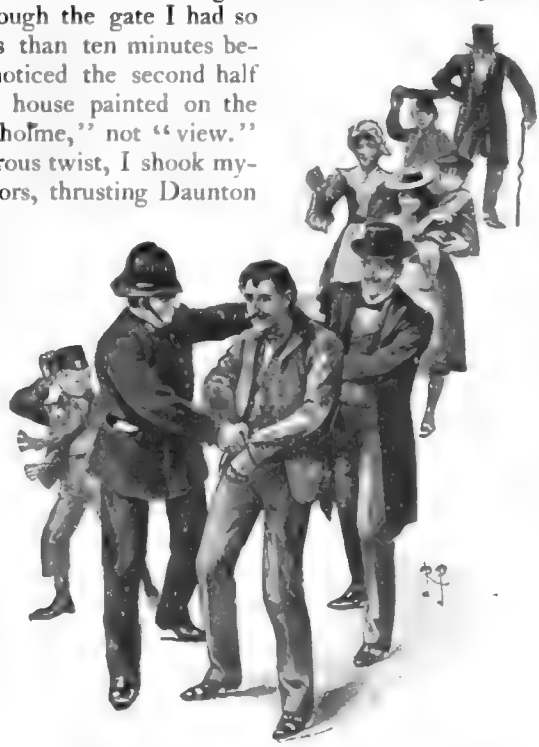
taken to the police station. The road was sure to be deserted. Could I but give my captors the slip, I might escape, reach the Town Hall, reënter the building, and be safe from arrest.

Were the road clear it could be done. The relentless Daunton, who had expressed his determination to accompany me, did not look like an athlete; the policeman was elderly and stout; neither need be feared once I were free. A quick spurt would carry me round the corner and out of sight.

They led me through the gate I had so jauntily entered less than ten minutes before. Too late I noticed the second half of the name of the house painted on the other pillar was "holme," not "view." Then, with a dexterous twist, I shook myself free of my captors, thrusting Daunton against the palings and the policeman into the gutter. The suddenness of my attack took them completely by surprise; I spun round ere either recovered his equilibrium and ran down the road as hard as I could pelt. There came a shout of "stop thief" in my ear; but I outran my pursuers easily, and, but for an untoward circumstance, I believe I should have eluded capture. But it was not to be. As if in answer to the shouts, a posse of constables, eight in number, rounded the corner in front marching in single file in my direction. It afterwards transpired that they were then going on duty. Next instant I was upon them. Desperate and indeed unable to check my speed, I tried to break through. Vain attempt. They fell on me like ravening wolves or footballers on an adversary. In an instant I was seized by the arms, the legs, the body, the breath half choked out of me, smothered in constables.



I WAS HANDCUFFED AND MARCHED THROUGH THE STREETS, COLLECTING A TAIL OF IDLERS.

Up came my original captors, and with apathy I heard my crimes and misdemeanors recounted; was handcuffed and marched through the streets with ignominy to the police station, collecting a tail of idlers as I went. It was all so terribly real, I began to wonder if I weren't actually guilty. But at headquarters, confronted with the charge sheet, I recovered my faculties and told my tale as clearly as possible. Indeed, the officer in charge, after sending a messenger for my uncle, unofficially informed me he was half inclined to believe me.

"You could have made up such a much better yarn," he explained.

Happily my stay in durance vile was brief. Uncle James came speedily to the rescue, and, moreover, brought with him a local J.P. In the presence of this gentleman the terrors of the law vanished like smoke before a breeze.

"It was all your fault," I complained to Madge, when I was at last free again.

"Oh, Dick!"

"It was; why didn't you introduce me properly? I hope Mrs. Marshall was not much inconvenienced by my failing to fetch her key," I added.

"No, it so happened her music case was not locked after all. She discovered the fact directly you left. What did you say, Dick?"

"Nothing," I answered; thoughts are sometimes too deep for words.

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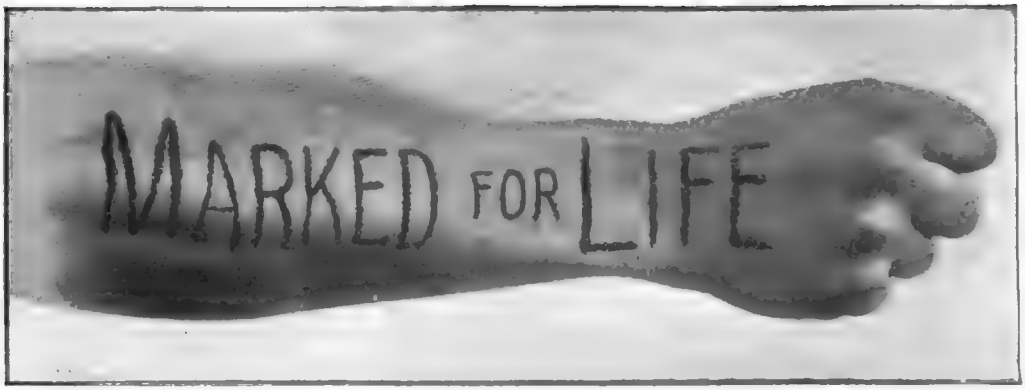

By Mulvy Ouseley.

The attitude of men and women to the modern art of tattooing is sufficiently convincing to make one realize that there is, after all, something in the process of puncturing the skin that is worthy of one's attention. So far from endeavoring to assert any patent right to the field, or monopolizing all the credit people are wont to give him for helping to raise the standard of the art, Professor Riley, the eminent tattooing expert (to whom I am indebted for the illustrations accompanying this article, and for much interesting information bearing on this subject), is always willing to allow to others of his profession a very fair share of the honors enthusiasts concede to him.

Tattooing is now one of the fine arts. No better testimonial, testifying to the excellence of the work of the modern tattooist, can be imagined than that which a celebrated living painter thought it only fair to give to Mr. Riley for having executed upon his (the painter's) arm a piece of artistic work which, a few years ago, would have been thought an impossible task—namely, the tattooing a photograph of a lady on a man's arm. The picture was a perfect one, both in the artistic drawing and in the catching of the expression, and greatly pleased the artist.

It was a good-humored consciousness that made us, in days gone by, appreciate on the surface the crude work of the inexperienced tattooist, whose inartistic and heavy designs, without a redeeming feature from the artist's standpoint, drew from us words of wonderment. These emblems took forms the number of which could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and mainly consisted of ships' anchors, flags, and the grip of friendship, all inexecrable misrepresentations of the real article. To-day exquisite tattooing amounts almost to a craze among fashionable people both in this country and abroad.

A Japanese whose whole body is indelibly tattooed in a marvellous manner.

Among tattooed princes stand in the first rank the King of Sweden, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, the Grand Duke Constantine, Prince George of Greece, Prince and Princess Waldemar of

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This ferocious-looking dragon was tattooed by Mr. Riley upon the arm of the Marquis of Waterford.

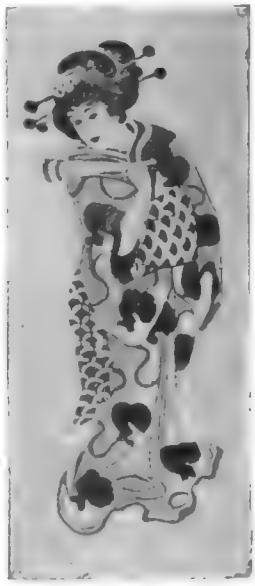
A well-known American millionaire was proud of this eagle and snake, which he often showed to his intimate friends.

is crammed with unforeseen events, many of which are always happening when you least expect them, it may be your friend's fate to require identification to-morrow. Who knows? Surrounded by painful circumstances such identification has again and again been the result of mere guesswork, and the gruesome discovery that you have identified the wrong person has not been made till too late in the day, perhaps, to alter it. But where identification is carried out with the powerful aid of an unerring witness, such as a peculiar tattoo mark, which you know to be on the body of your loved lost friend, you cannot go far wrong.

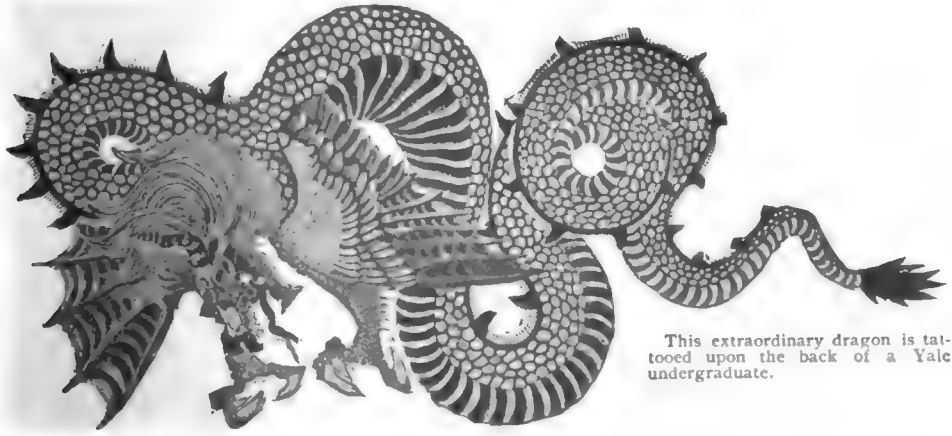
Denmark, and the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, besides quite an army of noblemen of all countries.

You might reasonably ask, "What is there in being tattooed? It is only a fad of the idle." Well, nobody knows what to-morrow may bring forth. Napoleon used to say "nothing was more certain than the improbable." In a world which

This, then, in a measure, explains the reason why so many people are just now giving sittings to tattoo artists all the



Sir Edmund Lechmere, Bart., has this lady tattooed upon his skin.



This extraordinary dragon is tattooed upon the back of a Yale undergraduate.

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country over; they have a serious object in view, so that it would seem that the craze were not an idle fad.

So far, we have studied the serious side of tattooing. It has its humorous side as well.

Mr. Riley tells me that not long ago a man had a large-sized Christmas pudding tattooed on his chest, simply "for the fun of the thing."

A year ago the same artist tattooed a copy of the famous English picture representing the charge of the Scots Greys, "Scotland for Ever!" on the back of a man whose father was once an officer in the famous regiment.

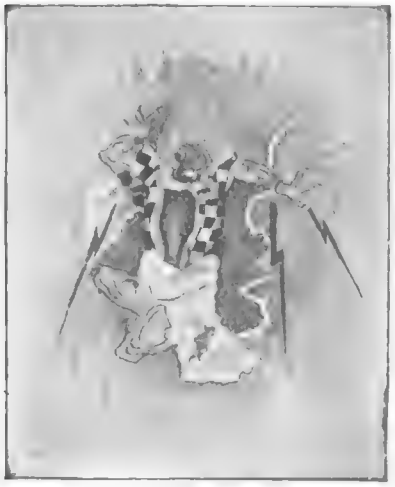
On the arm of a railroad official Mr. Riley tattooed a train travelling by night, a wonderful piece of work. It extended the full length of the arm.

The chest of an English baronet bears on its surface a balloon sailing in the sky, while on the shoulder of an inspector of police is tattooed his "first charge" in the days when he was yet a young officer.

A lover going abroad wished to have his initials tattooed on the arm of his *fiancée*. The lady consented, and the swift electric tattooing needle, as used by Mr. Riley, and which gives you little or no sensation of pain, soon carved out the letters "P. I." As sometimes happens in these cases, the swain either forgot that he had a young lady at home, or he had found another charmer elsewhere where he was stationed; but, at any rate, no amatory epistle was forthcoming from the neglectful swain, and after waiting twelve months, the girl had those letters altered by the same artist to "B. T." Could you blame her?

This flying bird is a design very popular with ladies.

This butterfly was specially designed for the body of Princess Chimay.



A handsome young fellow consulted Mr. Riley about a design he wished to have worked over his heart—a dangerous place, but the young professor knows his ground. After two hours' labor on the man's breast a touching picture was revealed to the eye. It represented two hearts entwined, with a beautiful shield round, and underneath was printed the word "MARY." Everybody was pleased with the picture, the artist from his point of view, the lover from his, and the young lady, of course, from hers. Eighteen months afterward, the lover made his second appearance in Mr. Riley's sanctum, but this time he had another tale to tell. Baring his chest to our artist, he asked him in a melancholy tone, "Do you remember doing this?" The answer was an easy one. "Well," con-

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tinued the dejected one, with a tear actually in his eye, "I want you now, please, to strike a line through 'Mary,' and to put underneath her name 'TRAITRESS.'" It was done, and no questions were asked.

Tattooing is not a costly operation, and Professor Riley recommends everybody to have a tattoo mark put on the body, if only for the purpose of future identification in case of an accident of any kind happening to you.

Mr. Riley recently went to Cairo to fulfil an engagement which was made by cable. For this work, which was done on a certain well-known princess, he received a very high fee, since he went out specially for the lady's benefit, which shows to what extent a devotee of the art will go when fired by enthusiasm. Mr. Riley began his labors in a very humble sphere of life at first, but, by dint of hard work on his own part, constant study and practice and ingenuity, he has risen to the top. His work at the present day is fine and clever; it is not speculative; it is not hard; but, on the contrary, is fresh, clean, and extremely artistic.

It is a very curious fact, which seems to have been overlooked by modern writers, that tattooing (the word itself is Tahitian, from "ta," a mark) is expressly forbidden by Holy Scripture (Lev. xix. 28), from which we may conclude that it was common even in those early days among the neighboring nations. It has been said that the main course of its origin was the desire to attract the admiration of the opposite sex; but, be this as it may, time has refashioned the ends for which tattooing is now sought. Savages adorn their skins with tattoo marks from motives not wholly unconnected with religion; others for ceremony; others again to denote rank. But the major reason withal is probably cosmetic.

There is a very interesting work in German on the subject, entitled "Die Entstehehung der Schrift," wherein the author, Dr. Wuttke, conceives the very original idea that tattooing is a kind of writing on the skin. Since the usual objects illustrated are large dragons and small, lions, battle scenes, beautiful women, historical incidents, flowers, emblems of every kind, insects, mottoes, and initials, such a deduction can hardly be advanced so far as, at any rate, civilized nations are concerned.

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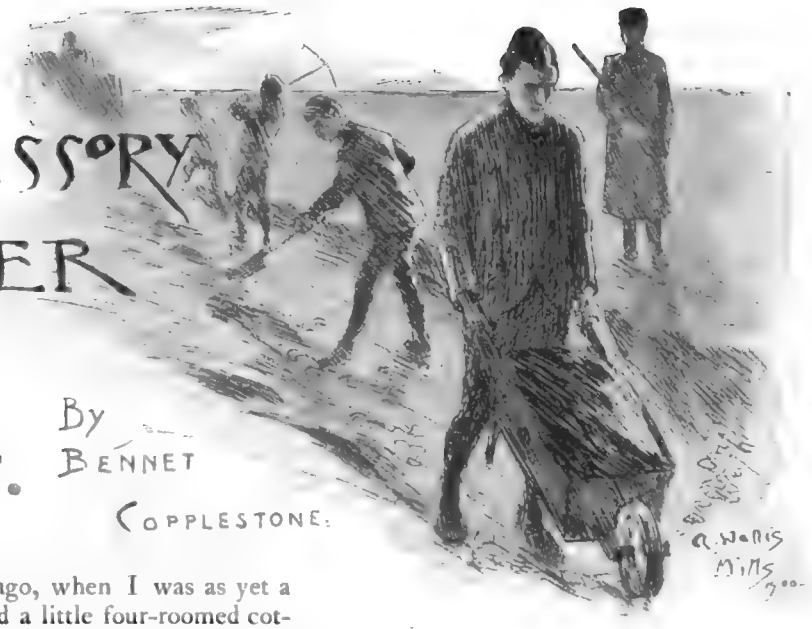
An Accessory After The Fact.



By Bennet Copplestone.

Many years ago, when I was as yet a bachelor, I rented a little four-roomed cottage on the northern slopes of Dartmoor. My cottage was fitted into a niche in the hillside above the tiny river known as West Orry. Along the high road to Plymouth, which wound round the hill a hundred yards beneath me, was strewn the village of Oryton. Four pounds a year my residence cost me, and though I used it for less than four months out of the twelve, I did not reckon the rental as excessive. It was a good sound cottage, rain and wind proof, built of stone without and honest axe-hewn timbers within, and slated over all substantially. I lived in the kitchen, cooking my food in the wide open hearth, and slept in the other ground-floor room. The rest of the place was given up to baggage and rubbish.

In the second year of my tenancy, one morning early in June, this story began. It is a bold, bad record of illegality, deliberate and unrepented of. I may be said to have taken off my coat and gone in heartily for crime. Even now a stern country might tear me from my unsuspecting family and cast me into prison—if the stern country thought it worth while.

The hour was a little after one o'clock and the morning dark. I had been fishing until late on the previous evening, and was sleeping like a sportsman, yet the creak of the raised sash was loud enough to waken me. When I was fully awake I heard the kitchen window, which had lost its balance weights, slam down.

"Oh," I thought, "some one has got in or been guillotined."

I jumped up, lit a candle, pulled on some clothes, and looked about for a weapon. A geological hammer was lying on the mantelpiece. I was accustomed to use it scientifically to break coals.

Then I took the candlestick in my hand and opened the kitchen door. On the far side of the room against the wall a man was standing. As the light showed his figure, he jumped to the hearth and caught up a log of wood, my substitute for a poker.

"Keep still!" cried I, sharply, presenting my spiked steel hammer. "Look at this."

I held up the candle in my left hand to make his movements clear to me.

"If you are set on fighting," I went on, "I must, unwillingly, oblige you. But you will probably get hurt."

He dashed down the piece of wood.

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"What do you want me to do, mister?" he asked, roughly.

"Isn't the question rather, What do you want in my house?"

"It is pretty plain what I want," he answered bitterly.

From the first second I had noted his dress, which was a quite unmistakable livery. I had seen men dressed like that in scores at Princetown.

"If you want a meal ——" I began.

"I have eaten nothing for two days."

"Then get to that cupboard, in Heaven's name, and browse away. But first pull down the blinds."

He lowered the blinds, shutting out the view from a square mile of moorland, and went at the cupboard like a starving wolf. I used to treat myself well in respect of provisions, and the old lady from the village, who cleared up my place and did the messier parts of the cooking, kept me well furnished with the produce of her homestead. My visitor fell to cold ham, cold tongue, cold chicken, butter, honey, fresh bread and clotted cream, and after a fine miscellaneous feed lasting some fifteen minutes, looked up, gasping.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, MISTER?" HE ASKED, ROUGHLY.

"Ah," I said, interpreting the appeal. "Drinks? Cider or whiskey?"

"Whiskey."

I showed him where the bottle stood, and fetched a demijohn of spring water from a corner of the room.

"I am sorry that I have no soda," I observed politely.

"This is good enough for me," he gasped, filling a great tumbler with a surprisingly weak mixture of whiskey and water. "My thirst is worth a fiver to a freeman."

The phrase, and the man's moderate use of spirit, astonished me, and while he drank I intently searched his face. Presently he had done. He was sitting at the table with the candle before him, and I was leaning against the wall a yard or two distant. Up to this point he had hardly looked at me, but now he turned his eyes full upon mine. As he surveyed my features I saw a great surprise spread over his face, and cover up every other expression.

"The deuce," he cried. "Isn't your name Copplestone?"

"It is."

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"Had you not two brothers at Clifton? They must have been your brothers."

"I had."

"I remember them well," said the convict quietly.

It happens that in my family there is a most persistent type of head and face. Very few people are at all like us and we are exceedingly like one another.

"I suppose I do not look like an old friend of your brothers?" went on my visitor.

"To be candid, you do not," I said. "Will you allow me to ask you a few questions?"

"Certainly."

"What is your name, and in what House were you at Clifton?"

"My name is Templemore. I was in the School House. So were your brothers. The elder one was Head of the School in 188–, and, of course, was also Captain of Football."

There was no doubt left in my mind. The man's voice and manner had wholly changed; he spoke now like a gentleman, like a public school man, like a——

"Were you at Cambridge?" I asked suddenly.

"Yes, Peterhouse."

"How long have you been over there?" I inquired, indicating Dartmoor Prison.

"Three years. The sentence was five years."

"You were——"

"Guilty? Oh, yes. It was called manslaughter."

His candor pleased me. He might easily have pretended innocence, and I should not have believed him. His outspokenness showed character and intelligence.

"I am immensely grateful for the excellent meal, Mr. Copplestone," said my convict, "and I will only ask one more favor." He looked down at his clothes. "Any old things would serve my turn. Still, refuse if you think fit; do not let me get you into trouble."

"Templemore," I answered deliberately, "I am not going to send you back to prison. What are your plans?"

"Plans? I have none."

"Then why in the name of insanity did you escape at all?"

"Because the opportunity was too good for a prisoner to resist. The day before yesterday I had no thought but to serve out my sentence, yet I made a bolt that same afternoon. A fog came down when my field gang was a mile from the prison, and while the officers scurried about getting us together, I was left by accident alone. I am a West countryman, Mr. Copplestone, a native of Totnes. I have fished every water on the Moor, and know every tor and valley. When I was left alone the free air of the moor got into my brain and set me running. I had noted the bearings of the prison a score of times and shaped my course to the north without a thought of difficulty. I got clear in the first dash by the purest luck, and after that trusted to my wits and my local knowledge."

"Meanwhile you were searched for to the west and south," I put in eagerly.

"I have not a doubt of it, Mr. Copplestone. That a prisoner should go north into a barren wilderness was outside the calculations of half-educated officials. Soon after my escape I picked up a feeder of the West Dart and followed it up to its head on the shoulder of Great Mis Tor. There among rocks as big as houses I passed the next day. Then at night I struck across to the lower end of Tavy Cleave, and came on past Hare Tor. I was looking round for a solitary cottage, from which to steal a meal and perhaps some clothes, when I chanced upon yours."

"And chance has not served you badly."

"It has served me very well, Mr. Copplestone, though your falling window nearly took my hands off. By the way, please do not think that I am anything but an amateur at burglary."

"I do not doubt it," I said smiling. "You made such a poor job of the present effort. Never mind the burglary. The pressing subject is yourself. You are a dozen miles from the prison, and

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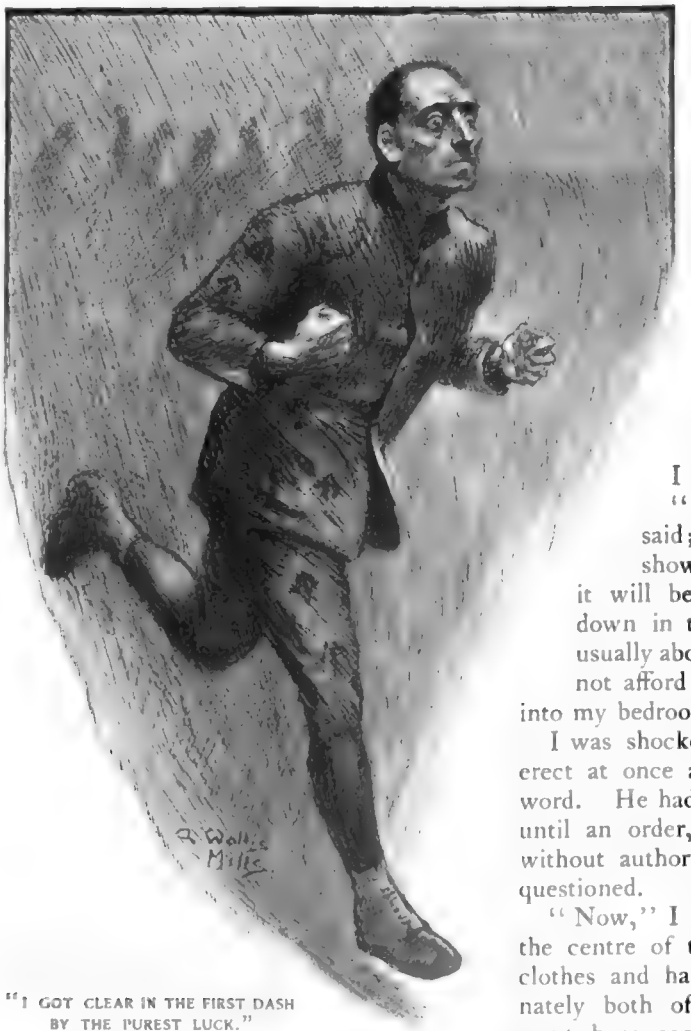

"I GOT CLEAR IN THE FIRST DASH BY THE PUREST LUCK."

clear away from present pursuit. Surely you must have thought out your next move."

"I tried to, but couldn't manage it."

"Have you no friends?"

"Not in England, at least."

"And, of course, no money?"

"Not one farthing."

"Then I plainly see that I must run this escape myself. My genius is nothing if not inventive."

"But consider the risk to yourself."

"My dear fellow, I have incurred the wrath of the Law already. I have fed you, and I am going to clothe you. For these offences I could be punished, and I object to being punished. In order to save myself I am going to get you off altogether."

"You are most kind, Mr. Copplestone," said the convict. "But you cannot really get me clean away. No one has ever permanently escaped from Dartmoor Prison."

"Hasn't one? Then it is high time that we made a new record."

I looked at my watch.

"It is just two o'clock," I said; "the dawn will begin to show at three and by half-past it will be broad day. The people down in the village yonder are not usually about before five, but we cannot afford to run any risks. Come into my bedroom."

I was shocked to see my visitor stand erect at once and stiffly follow without a word. He had been broken to obedience until an order, though coming from one without authority, was a thing not to be questioned.

"Now," I said, pulling my bath into the centre of the room, "off with those clothes and have a tub. We are fortunately both of middle size. You will want shoes, socks, flannel trousers, cricket shirt, tie, Norfolk jacket, and cap. There they are. I give you these because accuracy of fit is not expected of them. Now I will find a spade and dig a grave at the bottom of my garden."

I went outside and opened a wide, shallow trench under a big hedge. The soil was too thin to allow of deep burial. When I had finished I returned for the convict's clothes, and covered them up with earth and spread rubbish over the spot.

"You are now a free man," said I, entering the bedroom; "the livery of servitude is buried. Now let me look at you."

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The convict was no longer ferocious or ruffianly in aspect as he sat before me dressed in my easy clothes.

"It is lucky for you, Templemore," I remarked, "that you were put in Dartmoor instead of in Portland, and that the spring sun here spends most of his power on evaporating mist. You are not more sunburnt than I. Now in the rocky oven of Portland the prisoners are burned brick red by June, and raw umber by August. It is your hair, not your skin, which worries me."

I COVERED UP THE UGLY THINGS WITH EARTH, AND SPREAD RUBBISH OVER THE SPOT.

"Which of its qualities—the color or the shortness?"

"The shortness, of course. The color matters little, as I am going to change it."

He stared. "What! Have you——"

"No, of course not. I did not know that you were coming or I would have provided a stock of hair dye. But I have a substitute. Used you to stain your gut casts when you went fishing, Templemore?"

"Yes," he said; "I soaked them in water, and then dipped them for a minute or two in ink."

"And the result was?"

"A bluish neutral tint which never came out."

"Just so. Now I think that a combination of that bluish neutral tint with the reddish yellow of your hair ought to produce an effect of extraordinary interest."

"You are going to dye my hair with ink?"

"With blue-black ink. Brace yourself to the trial, and take your last look in the glass, for no man in the world knows what you will be like after the experiment is completed."

I boiled a great quantity of water and thoroughly soaked Templemore's head. Then I partially dried his hair, and rubbed the ink in hard with a sponge. I treated his eyebrows and eyelashes, his cheeks and chin and upper lip, in the same way, and finally set him by the open window to dry. Dawn had come, and the light penetrating the blinds helped me to inspect my work. The convict's head, I say, was reddish-yellow by nature, and I had dyed it with blue-black ink. Painters tell us that blue and yellow on being mixed together become green, and that blue and red produce purple. My patient's hair, therefore, had it respected the canons of art, ought to have become green or purple, or some color compounded of the two. It did not. Under my hands it lost all acquaintance with any named color, and settled down to the hue of wet mud. No result could have been more surprising or more satisfactory. Templemore was disguised per-

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fectly, and, what was even more important, his appearance was in no way remarkable. There are a great number of persons whose hair is of the hue of wet mud. I ordered him to shave, but bade him spare the bristles on his upper lip.

When the whole series of operations was over he hardly knew himself. It was with difficulty that I drew him from the absorbing inspection of his new identity, and put before him the rest of my plans.

"You must be my guest for the present," I said, "but it will not do for you to remain in the cottage just now. I must prepare my old lady—that is to say, the whole village—for your arrival. Do you know the Rattle Brook, beyond Links Tor?"

"Yes."

"Good. Here is a spare rod and winch, and see—I will put you up a few casts and flies in this envelope. You can have my fishing-basket and we will fill it with provisions and whiskey and tobacco. Now be off. Go to the Rattle Brook and fish or sleep all day. Do not slink about or hide. Walk boldly, for you are no longer Templemore, a convict; you are Mr. Harcourt, my maternal cousin."

"Is it really safe?" he asked, nervously.

"I am staking my liberty on it," answered I, gravely. "The valley of the Rattle Brook is the most abandoned waste in this whole desolate moorland. It is a maze of green mushy bogs and black peat, cut through by a coffee-colored stream. Go there with confidence, and in the afternoon be somewhere toward the upper end below the old peat works. I will meet you there, and we will return together."

He went away, walking out into the full light of a clear June morning. As I watched him go I noticed with sadness how the springy, self-confident step of an English gentleman had been dulled by toil and captivity, and become a slouch.

I spent a few minutes in putting my place in order, and in removing all traces of the recent digging. Then I took to my bed and slept until heavy blows at the door called me to breakfast.

When one wishes to conceal anything it is well to put on an air of candor. My old lady was much gratified by my communicativeness. I told her of my cousin's expected visit, and of his precise relationship to myself. I mentioned that he would probably walk over from Chagford, and offered small comments upon his birth and appearance.

After breakfast I travelled a few miles by train to Okehampton—for I was unwilling to trust to the secrecy of the village telegraph clerk—and sent a message to my mother in Exeter, asking for a portmanteau filled with clothes to be forwarded to me by rail that evening. It would not do at all for my visitor to arrive without luggage.

My subtle preparations were all made by the afternoon, and I was able to set out for the Rattle Brook to find Templemore and bring him home. When I came upon him he was casting a very pretty line, and I was not surprised to learn that his basket was heavy with fish. He had seen no one all day, and our complete success so far—assisted by a dozen hours in the open air quit of hiding—had wiped some of the prison brand off him.

I reported proceedings and he laughed quite heartily.

"Upon my word, Mr. Copplestone," he said, "one would think that assisting criminals to escape was part of your profession. You provide for everything. You really are an amazingly business-like accessory."

"I believe I am," I returned. "I feel that nature must have designed me for an outlaw, for I find this grossly illegal conspiracy hugely entertaining. By the way, you must call me plain Copplestone, since you are my cousin on the mother's side. Your name is Harcourt, and your mother, who had the unhappiness to die shortly after your birth, was my father's only sister. Although you are older than I—you are not, in fact, but look it—we were brought up together, and I am much attached to you in spite of your surly ways. You resemble your father's family, who, generations ago, were French Harcourts,

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and follow their habit of wearing ridiculously short hair."

"What is all this?"

"This is your authentic biography, which the eager village is at this moment discussing over its tea and beer."

We did not reach my cottage till late, and by that time the portmanteau had arrived. My old lady was waiting for us, and she was so good as to welcome my convict graciously. I could see from her slow, careful speech that in her mind he was a foreigner, with an imperfect knowledge of English. We had a long conversation that night, in the course of which Templemore said:

"My brother would stand by me, I am sure, but unluckily he is in India. He wrote most kindly to me after my conviction, and promised to set me on my legs again when my term should be up. He is a Deputy Commissioner, and a man of wealth. If I could get out to India——"

"No," I said, "we cannot manage that just now. I have not enough to pay your passage."

"Mr. Copplestone," retorted he, flushing, "I did not intend to ask for your money."

AT THE STATION I PLACED NEARLY £40 IN HIS HAND.

"No, of course not. I simply stated a fact. The same fact will prevent you from making for London. We must shape our plans to the facts. I can keep you here for practically nothing, but I could not afford to support you in the humblest fashion in town. And I will not send you away penniless."

"Then what can I do? Will it ease you if I give myself up?"

"Harcourt," I cried, sternly, "you are my guest, and are under my orders. You cannot go to India, and I shall not allow you to go to London. What remains? Clearly to bring India into touch with us. You will write, and I will write, to your brother in India, and we will catch the next mail. And while we are waiting for an answer you will stay here with me."

He made an effort to resist—afraid, I am convinced, for my safety more than for his own—but he could not bear up against my will. And before we slept that night it was determined that he should brave recapture as my guest.

If it were my good fortune to be writing fiction, instead, rather tediously, of recounting actual events, I could make this narrative immeasurably more interesting.

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Unhappily the facts are against me. From the night on which I dressed Templemore in my own clothes, dyed his hair with ink, and adopted him as my maternal cousin, he was not for a moment in danger. Templemore was, no doubt, eagerly hunted for in the regions favored by the hunters, but Mr. Harcourt, the law-abiding sportsman and cousin to the recluse of Oryton, knew little of the chase.

During the eight weeks of my cousin Harcourt's visit our sole real trouble was his hair. Having begun with ink we were obliged to go on with it, and the burden of the daily dyeing was almost more than I could bear. His hair grew like grass in May—so fast, that I sometimes lay awake through fear of a morning, as well as an evening, shampoo.

I grew to like Templemore, and as I saw him grow morally and physically in the fresh air of freedom, I never repented of my share in his liberty. Yet the relief which I felt on seeing one evening a letter with an Indian postmark, showed how the intolerable burden of dyeing had stretched my healthy nerves.

The envelope, which was addressed to me, held letters for us both.

Mine ran as follows:

Dear Sir: You are unknown to me, and my bewildered ignorance of the motives for your extraordinary conduct makes you in every sense a stranger. Nevertheless I am profoundly grateful for the incredible services which you have rendered my poor brother. If he had taken my advice he would have completed his sentence in patience, but as he chanced to escape I cannot be too thankful that he was spared the ignominy of recapture. From what you and he have written of your remarkable proceedings I do not doubt that my brother is still at liberty, and I am acting now on that assumption. Enclosed please find a First of Exchange on the London Agents of the Bank of Bengal for £100, drawn in your favor. Kindly oblige me by getting it cashed and by despatching my unhappy brother to India at once. I will make myself responsible for his future. You will, I think, consult my brother's self-respect by accepting the expenses to which he has reluctantly put you.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN TEMPLEMORE.

Templemore did not show me his letter, but as he read it he muttered hoarsely, "My brother is a thundering good fellow."

I tossed him my note and the draft, and said:

"We will go to town to-morrow, get some clothes, and dismiss you."

He was very quiet until a late hour that night—I did not dye him—when he suddenly became agitated and said: "Copplestone, I can't express half what I feel."

"Then don't express it at all," said I.

He held out his hand, which I shook heartily, and so ended all foolish talk of gratitude.

"There is one thing I must refer to," observed he. "My brother is right; you must let me return your out-of-pocket expenses."

"Certainly, if you wish." I pulled out a note-book, consulted it, and made a show of calculating deeply.

"You owe me exactly £2 16*s*.," I said.

"Rot!" cried he.

"It is irresistible arithmetic, my cousin. During your visit my weekly bills have increased by seven shillings, the result of expenditure on extra food. If you multiply seven shillings by eight weeks, you will get the precise sum I have named. Give me that, and pay, if you like, my fare to town, and we shall be quit of obligations on either side."

It was my humor to remain in charge of Templemore until the last. I took him to town, cashed the draft, expended £20 on a sufficient outfit, and purchased for him a passage to Bombay by one of the Clan Line boats. Then, his hair being once more cut very short, I saw him off for Liverpool. At the station I placed nearly £40 in his hands.

"What is this?" cried he.

"The change. And this is the statement of account, which please show to your brother."

"You absurd creature!"

"Not at all," I said. "If nature, against my wishes, made me a vagabond, let me at least try to make myself a man of business."

So he went away, and when I next heard of him he was enjoying a mysterious and well-paid post under a gold-mining company in Mysore.

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TIDES, TRADE-WINDS, AND TORNADOES.

By George Hough.

BEING No. 8 OF THE SERIES "SIMPLE EXPLANATIONS."

This is a sort of oceanic and meteorological trio of phenomena that is almost always associated in men's minds together with a smell of salt water and visions of the vasty deep. When suggested as a triplicate subject fot treatment in this series, the writer was gently scoffed for including the first item thereof. "Every one knows what makes the tides," it was said. "What's the use of 'explaining' a thing that is taught in the elementary geographies?"

It is not good to argue with any one, especially if the object of your argument be to prove his ignorance of elementary matters, or matter that he considers such. So the question was referred to that arbiter of all affairs—the typical Representative Business Man.

"Sir," said the contributor timidly, "do you understand the theory of the tides?"

"Certainly," replied the R. B. M., "it was taught in my school geographies. The tides are occasioned by the attraction of the moon on the ocean. When the moon is over the Atlantic Ocean, for instance, it is high tide in the Atlantic, and low tide on the other side of the world. That's easy."

"But," said the contributor, "how do you explain the fact that, if it is high tide in the Atlantic, it is also high tide in the Pacific on the other side of the world? And also, how do you explain the fact that it is *not* high tide when the moon is directly over a place?"

"Isn't it?" asked the R. B. M.

"It is not always," said the contributor. "It is sometimes nearer dead *low* tide."

"That's funny," said the Representative Business Man, returning to his desk. "Guess there is something in the matter that the geographies do not teach."

And so the tides were dealt with in this article; the trio is intact. If the reader can answer the questions above, he will gain nothing by reading the first third of this. If he cannot, there may be some information to be gained from it.

Three-quarters of the earth's surface is covered with water. And that vast expanse has a slow, regular pulse-beat that has continued since there was water on the earth, and will continue as long as the oceans remain upon it. Two beats a day the earth-heart makes. Two gigantic waves a day pass through its ocean arteries. Yet, like other hearts, this has its "flutter" and murmurs and irregularities.

The moon makes the tides—in part. The sun makes the tides—in part. Winds help or interfere, as the case may be. And the result is a fearfully complicated combination of forces with a definite, simple, and inevitable result. Wherever there is ocean water, that water rises and falls with the regularity of the breast of a sleeping child, but with an energy that cannot be computed by our little earthly standards. We are dealing with the forces of the universe—who can measure them?

From high water to high water there is an average interval of twelve hours and twenty-five minutes. This makes the tides some fifty minutes slower than the sun; that is, high tide each morning is about fifty minutes later than that of the previous day. Of course, from the very earliest time it has been observed that this corresponded very closely with the position of the moon, and the inference was obvious that the moon occasioned the phenomenon.

But the regularity of the tide and the comparison with the gentle breathing of the sleeping child is purely figurative. The time, twelve hours and twenty-five minutes, between two maximums or two minimums is only an average. There is really very little that is consecutively

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regular about a tide except its mere recurrence. It very seldom rises to the same height in any two consecutive days or in any two consecutive tides. Neither is its rise and fall in steady progression. It flows in a series of waves. From low water, for example, it flows steadily for about an hour, rising in that time to one-eighth of its eventual height. Then it seems to stand still for a space; then comes another wave, which at the end of the second hour has lifted it another eighth, or to a quarter of its eventual height. In the third hour it strikes a faster gait, and in that time rises as high as in the first two hours; at the end of the third hour it is at mid-tide. During the fourth hour it keeps up the same pace, rising to three-quarters of its height. In the fifth and sixth hours it slows down again, rising in each only at one-half the speed of the third and fourth. The tide ebbs in precisely the same way.

Diagram showing how a double tide-wave is formed by the moon, making a high tide under the moon and also at that point on the other side of the earth directly opposite. Along the line AB natural laws require that there must be symmetry. The moon's attraction is greater on the portion of the earth to the *right* of the median line CD, than on the portion to the left of it. The water is heaped *away* from the earth-pull to the right, because the moon-pull is stronger; and also away from the earth-pull to the left, because the attraction is diminished. It is low tide all around the earth on the line CD.

It is worth while to figure a little on this, because there are many inventors at work endeavoring to devise a plan for utilizing some of this awful force. The average rise and fall of the tide at New York is about five feet. This is small compared to some other places—at Eastport, Maine, the average is fifteen feet, and at some places in the Bay of Fundy there are tides that rise thirty feet. But five feet will do to figure on.

A horse-power, as you know, is the energy that will be used in raising 33,000 pounds one foot high in one minute. To raise one ton of water five feet high in six hours would therefore take about one-sixtieth of a horse-power. Therefore, for every 2,400 cubic feet of water that is raised from low tide to high tide twice a day at New York, Nature exercises about one of our little horse-powers of energy. That means the exercise of more than 8,000,000 horse-power twice a day in this bay alone. Look at a map of the world and compare the almost invisible space of New York Bay with the vast expanse of the seven seas. That is, do this if you are fond of big thoughts and are not to be worried by them.

What makes the tides? The moon and the sun.

The law of gravitation, on which the phenomenon depends, states that every body attracts every other body with a force depending on two things: first, the respective *masses* or weights of the bodies; second, on their distance apart. And, in reckoning the distance, it is figured from the centre of the bodies.

Now it is obvious that the pull of the moon, for example, must be greater on that side of the earth which is nearer it than on the opposite side, because the opposite side is farther away by 8,000 miles. It is easy to understand that this one-sided pull would tend to heap up the water that was on the moon's side, but there are other things to consider, not so easy to understand. Nature will not stand anything "lop-sided." Equilibrium is her first law. And so it comes about that the increased pull on the moon side of the earth heaps up the water toward the moon, and also that the lessened pull on the farther side heaps up the water *away* from the moon. The water, therefore, assumes something of the shape of a Rugby football, as shown in the diagram; the high-sounding name is "a prolate ellipsoid."

There are, therefore, two high tides somewhere on the earth at each minute of the day. One high tide is (we will say for the moment) directly under the

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moon; the other is on the point directly opposite on the other side of the earth. It is low water all around the circle that is midway between these points. It is rather hard to understand why the lessened pull on the farther side heaps up the water away from the moon, unless you are better accustomed to figuring out mechanical and cosmic forces and results than most people. Try to imagine the ocean water under the influence of two tremendous forces; one tending to throw it away from the earth, the other tending to draw it toward the earth. The position the water will assume is, of course, a delicate balance of these two. Now you can perhaps see that it makes no difference in result whether one of these forces be strengthened or the other one be weakened. In either case the balance is destroyed and the water must assume a different position. So the extra pull on the half of the earth under the moon causes the same effect as the weakened pull on the opposite side—in each case the water is heaped *away* from the earth.

But the earth keeps spinning around, and the position of the moon changes every second. Of course the double heap of water tries to keep up with it, *but it cannot*. For, strong as are the influences upon it, the water has its own laws to follow, and one of those laws is that the speed of a wave depends upon the depth of the water. At the equator, for instance, the moon changes position at the rate of about 1,000 miles an hour. If the water were thirteen miles deep, the tide-wave could keep up, but it isn't anywhere near that depth, so the water is always receiving an impulse to travel faster than it can. It is as if a child were trying to push a very long and very heavily loaded swing, at a rate a little faster than it could naturally go. What follows? What would follow in the case of the swing? The swing would settle into a slow and regular oscillation, at a speed that exactly depended on its length, and, push as the little one would, he could make it go no faster.

This is what has occurred with the tide-waves millions of years ago. They have settled into a regular oscillation, which depends on the force pushing them, but is controlled by their own power of swing. Oscillation, like everything else, has its rules and regulations. And this is one: If you push a pendulum with a certain force, but with impulses that are a little faster than the natural swing of that pendulum, it will always have its furthest sweep at the instant that you are recovering from your effort, and it will come back and meet your finger with a bump at the time you are exerting your greatest effort.

So with the tides. As they swing up and down slower than the moon would have them go, it would be (theoretically) always high tide at the time the moon is exerting its *least* influence on any particular spot. And this is substantially true. To be sure, there is a high tide every day at about the time the moon passes overhead, but it is not the tide that "belongs" to that moon. The earth rotates under the moon only once in twenty-four hours, but in twenty-four hours we have *two* high tides. It is a curious thing to note, therefore, that the high tide of this morning was occasioned by the moon of last night. It has taken the wave which followed last night's moon more than twelve hours to reach us. And the high tide of to-night, which will occur at about the time the moon is overhead, is *not* the direct result of the moon we shall see, but is the wave of "least influence," which was occasioned by the relaxed pull of that moon when on the other side of the earth.

It is as if moon and tide-wave were eternally racing around a track, with the moon almost exactly one "lap" ahead. Consequently, to some spectators, it appears as if they were exactly abreast.

The sun has a little tide of its own, that also keeps up its race about the earth, one lap behind its leader. The sun-wave and the moon-wave are entirely separate in themselves, but, in the movements of sun and moon and earth, they are constantly forming new relations to each other. When sun and moon and earth

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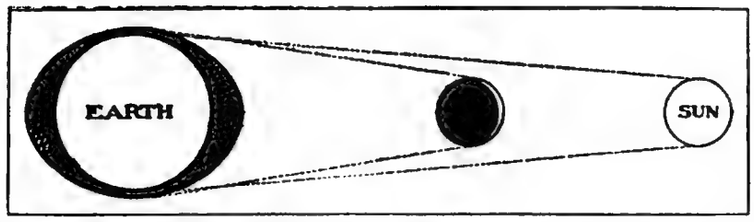


"Spring" tides at new and full moons. The dark shaded portion shows the sun's tide-wave (about one-third of the moon's) coinciding with the moon's tide-wave. The same effect would result at full moon, when the earth is between the moon and sun, and all three in an approximate line.

are all in line, as happens twice in each month, the result is a combination pull on the water which occasions very high tides. At other times the sun is pulling at right angles with the moon, so that the sun's low tide coincides with the moon's high tide, and lowers the latter by so much.

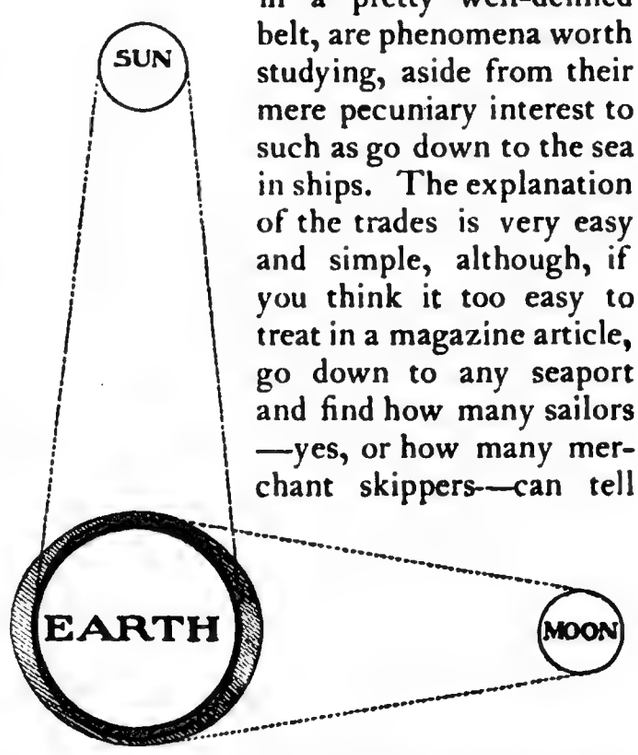
It bothers a great many people to understand why a tidal current continues to run up a river, for instance, for hours after the tide at the mouth has begun to fall. It looks as if the water were actually running uphill. If you will remember the tide as merely a great wave action, which has a speed that depends wholly on the depth of water, this will not bother you. The water cannot adjust its level through miles, instantaneously. It takes time.

Speaking again of the school text-books, do you recall that passage in the history of the United States in which, while treating of the voyage of Columbus, it was stated that his sailors were immensely alarmed by finding that the wind blew steadily from the northeast, day after day? It was a fair wind for them, but "how were they ever to return against it?"

They had "struck" the "northeast trades," a wind beloved of sailors for generations since. These strong, steady, reliable winds have been of immense service to man. They are phenomena that are particularly among the property rights of mariners, and have been called "trade-winds" ever since man discovered and utilized them in his business.

On many large maps of the world you will find the belts of the trade-winds marked. In the northern hemisphere they are found between the parallels of 30° to 32° north latitude and an uncertain latitude just north of the equator, and they blow steadily from the northeast. In the southern hemisphere they are found from an uncertain latitude south of the equator down as far as 40° south latitude, and the wind is steady from the southeast. Just where they begin and end is always a matter of uncertainty. Some ships have sailed from England around the Horn and never found the trade-winds at all, except in puffs now and then, which are not the "trades," after all. Some ships have carried the winds for days, others for weeks at a time, losing the northeast at about the equator, only to pick up the southeast immediately after. But, as a general thing, ships find a calm belt along the equator itself; a calm belt that lies *between* the two "trades," and called the "doldrums," and hated by all mariners.

Now, winds that have blown steadily for several hundred years that we know about, and probably for thousands and thousands of years that we know not of, always in the same direction, always with about the same average speed, and always in a pretty well-defined belt, are phenomena worth studying, aside from their mere pecuniary interest to such as go down to the sea in ships. The explanation of the trades is very easy and simple, although, if you think it too easy to treat in a magazine article, go down to any seaport and find how many sailors—yes, or how many merchant skippers—can tell



"Neap" tides, sun tide-wave (shown by dark shading), exactly opposed to moon tide-wave, making low tide higher and high tide lower. This occurs at first and last quarter of each moon.

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you the "why" of them. The writer within a week was asked this question in these words, by a child whom he was endeavoring to convince that the world was round and was spinning rapidly: "Why can't we *feel* us go through the air?" There is probably no teacher in America in the lower grades that has not had to answer a similar question.

The answer is commonplace, "Because the air is turning with us." Which is true—in part. But, like many another commonplace answer, it is only generally true. Whoever in the region of the trade-winds has felt their swift strong beating on his face *has* actually "felt him go through the air" in the spin of the whirling world. For, in the trade-wind regions, the air does *not* turn with the earth.

Of course the friction of the atmosphere has, ages ago, made it take the motion of the earth, and how accurately and truly it follows it we may see on any still summer night, when the cigar smoke floats straight upward and not a leaf is stirring. If it were bound to the earth by some invisible but resistless power, it could not follow its whirl more truly. But it is not bound, as we shall see.

At the equator the surface of the earth is spinning from west to east at a speed exceeding a thousand miles an hour. At the North Pole—meaning the exact point thereof—there is no motion whatever; and at points between, the speed of rotation varies with the distance from equator or pole. A thirty-six-inch bicycle wheel, turning once in a second, has the extreme surface of its tire travelling the full circle—say ten feet—once in a second, and has a speed of ten feet a second. But its hub travels a smaller circle in the same time, and consequently its speed in inches a second must be smaller. This seems too plain to need further elucidation.

It follows that the air which is north of the equator, and following the motion of the earth, is travelling at less feet a second than the air at the equator. In latitude 75°, for example, the air is travelling but 268 miles an hour as against the thousand-and-more miles an hour of the equatorial atmosphere. Now, if the air of that latitude were suddenly shifted to the equator, it would take some minutes for it to pick up the increased speed—the earth for a time would be travelling faster than the air, and we would feel a wind; a hurricane of terrific force, in fact.

Hot air rises; everybody knows that, and the air that is next to the earth gets much hotter than the air above it. At the equator the earth is very hot in comparison to the latitudes further north and south. Then see what follows.

The warmed air rises. Something must take its place, and its place is taken by cooler air from the north and south. There is a constant circulation of the atmosphere, rising from the torrid zone into the cool regions above the earth, flowing thence (in the upper regions) to the north and south, getting cooled by the way, falling to the earth's surface again and continuing the circle on the surface to the torrid zone once more, and so on forever. The sun, a mighty engine, keeps up the motion by constantly pouring its heat down on the tropics, and the cold poles receive the warmed air, chill it, and send it back. So we have four mighty air currents; two above and two below. The two above flow north and south from the equator, the two below flow south and north toward the equator.

Let us float down with the lower northern current. We join it, say, in Labrador, where the earth has a surface speed of, say, 300 miles an hour. It is still high in the air, but dropping fast, pulled by the vacuum left by the ascending air in the tropics. About the latitude of Boston it begins to reach the surface of the earth, and its southerly speed increases. As it goes farther and farther south, it is constantly passing over portions of the earth that are travelling at a higher speed than it itself possesses. If it could stand still even a moment, it would pick up and adopt the speed of its locality, but it cannot stand still; it must flow south, to localities that are spinning faster yet. It is travelling outward, you see, toward the rim of the wheel.

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Consequently, the sailor in latitude 30°, for example, feels a strong and steady northeast wind. It has its north in it, because it is coming from the north, pulled by the vacuum of the tropics. It has its westerly tendency, because the earth is turning to the east faster than the air. The actual direction of the current is south, but the earth-spin gives the semblance of an easterly wind, just as you, on a railroad flat car, for example, would always seem to feel a breeze from the direction in which the train was moving. The combination of these motions, real and apparent, gives the northeast trades.

In the southern hemisphere the current is moving north, but the earth-spin is still easterly, and the combination gives us the southeast trades.

Local meteorological conditions affect the trades slightly, but in general principle they are as eternal as the sun, because they are caused by the sun, and as steady as the rotation of the earth, because they depend on it.

We see from the above that a wind is a *circular* thing, as a little reflection would show us it must be. There cannot be any *end* to the wind—it cannot pile itself up in a heap or pour itself into an air-pond. If it blows at all, it blows into a place that has been made for it by the departure of other air, and must leave a vacancy behind it that must be filled by other air. The ordinary winds that we feel may be likened in operation to a fountain that is sending a stream into the air from its basin—a stream that spreads at the top and falls back into the basin, only to be drawn to its centre and sent through the pipe again. We feel the current in the basin, as a goldfish in the fountain basin might feel the set of the current from the outer rim toward the central, spouting pipe. So hot air, rising from the land and spreading itself into the cooler regions above our knowledge, is replaced by other air that flows in from all sides, and we say, "Feel the sea-breeze."

The air-movement in such a case is a vertical circulation, of which we experience only the lower edge, which to our minds seems to possess a horizontal movement. But there are winds that have a rapid horizontal spin as well, and they generally create trouble. When the circle is very large we call such winds "cyclones." In smaller circles they are tornadoes or whirlwinds.

You must have often noticed, when you have pulled the plug out of a wash-basin, that the water in passing down and out acquired a very rapid whirling motion, sometimes so swift as to throw the water clear of the centre altogether, so that an actual *hole* was left in it over the centre of the waste pipe. Now, if you can imagine air, instead of water, passing upward instead of downward, but in other respects following the same course of action, you will have a very good idea of the formation of a tornado or cyclone.

Suppose a still, oppressive, intensely hot afternoon in Kansas. The sun is beating down fiercely on the wide stretch of flat country, and heating up the earth unendurably. The earth beats back the heat rays into the air that lies next it, and that air gets hotter and hotter and lighter and lighter, and tries its best to rise. But suppose that it cannot rise, because of a stratum of cold, dry, heavy air above. You have here all the beginnings of a tornado.

The air below goes on heating and expanding, and pressing on the stratum above. It is like superheated steam in a boiler, and finally the explosion comes.

The upper stratum develops a weak spot, and the hot air breaks through and begins to pour out and upward. The break is a small one, and the air rushes up in a small column, anywhere you choose from a few inches to a few rods in diameter. It is exactly as if the plug were pulled out of the basin, only the motion is upward. From all around the air rushes to fill the space left by the ascending column. One stream of air, deflected a little by a tree-trunk, or even a blade of grass, strikes the column a little on the side, and gives it a slight twisting motion. That is all that is necessary, and if the

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disturbance is on any sort of scale, it is time for the inhabitants to seek their cellars.

Just what makes the column of water in the basin, or the column of air on the prairie, take its twisting motion is a little obscure. Whatever originates the motion, it is certain that, once originated, every molecule that comes to it adds to the spin. And as the air comes from greater and greater distances, it comes at greater and greater speed, and the spin finally attains a swiftness that cannot be calculated by any mortal method of measurement—at any rate, it never has been measured.

The column of air pouring upward, the surrounding air pouring in at its base, and the whole in inconceivably rapid circular or, more accurately, *spiral* motion—around and around, but always upward—begins as a whole to move off slowly across the prairie, increasing in volume and speed as it goes. The hot air that has reached the upper regions is beginning to cool and condense, clouds form, and rain falls. The moisture above may reveal the upper portion of the spinning column, as a waving, wicked, threatening cone, small end down. The roar is deafening. The air is moving so fast now that the centre of the column is hollow, as the centre of the water in the basin was, but it is a hollow that may be yards across and a perfect vacuum. Wherever this terror goes, destruction is sure to follow. Such forces as these make nothing of twisting trees like straws, or carrying away pianos, or, as shown at St. Louis, in actually tearing down solid masonry. So much for what slightly heated air may do when it gets started.

Exactly the same sort of thing, only with its centre miles across and its force wider distributed, and consequently less terrific, is the cyclone or revolving storm, such as the Atlantic seaboard more or less frequently experiences every winter. In such cases the disturbance may be a thousand miles from edge to edge. Like the tornado, the circle is of two kinds, one upward from earth to clouds and down again, the other a horizontal revolution of the whole tract disturbed, except at the exact centre. And for the minimum demonstration of the same causes and effects note the tiny, dancing, elusive little "dust-devils" any summer afternoon, and think what they may become if they get started under proper conditions.

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STUART ROBSON AS HENRY DOVE IN "MARRIED LIFE."

FIFTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

By Stuart Robson.

PART II.

Returning to Baltimore after my experiences in Congress, I made my first appearance on the stage on the evening of January 5, 1852. Some of my earlier companions had been spending their time in becoming acquainted with theatrical folks. John E. Owens, one of the greatest comedians of his time, was then at the Baltimore Museum, and from him John Sleeper Clarke * had obtained permission to go on the stage and do a jig. Through Clarke I met Mr. Owens and made my *début*. Both of these names are almost forgotten by this generation of theatre-goers. Clarke became an "English comedian," and died in London a little over a year ago. But the tragic side of stage life strikes me forcibly every time I think of one of these men who, forty years ago, was so famous, so universally popular, yet whose name to-day means little or nothing even to people who are connected with the stage in one way or another.

I have sometimes been asked if Jefferson was a greater comedian than Owens, and in some ways he was. People who to-day remember Owens, remember him when he was in the decline, the wreck of the great John Owens; not the once brilliant man and the greatest comic actor since the days of Burton.

Mr. Jefferson once asked me how I thought his "Caleb Plummer" in "Cricket on the Hearth" compared with Owens'. His own opinion was that he excelled in pathos, while Owens was superior in comedy portions. In a way this is true, but Owens combined the pathetic and comic in a way that nobody else could, except, perhaps, Burton.

Owens and I did not get along very well together when I played with him in after years. The incident which brought about this lack of cordiality was not, however, my fault, though I regretted it very much.

I was playing in a stock company in New Orleans when he came there to play star parts. The manager, Lawrence Barrett, assigned to me the part of "Tilly Slowboy" in "Cricket on the Hearth," and at rehearsal Owens asked me what on earth I wanted

* John Sleeper Clarke thirty years ago was as well known as Joseph Jefferson is now. He went to England and was more successful there than he had been here, though even in his own country he was mentioned with Owens and Warren and Jefferson. Clarke was a brother-in-law of Edwin Booth, and after President Lincoln's assassination he was arrested as a conspirator and spent three months in prison, though he really had nothing to do with the crime.

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STUART ROBSON AT THIRTY.

to play the "eccentric woman part" for. I told him it was not my choice, that I was simply doing as I was told. He was very much annoyed about it, I could see. During the play that night he would make remarks whenever I passed him, and I stood it up to the last act; then, as he became unusually abusive, I waited for an opportunity, and as I danced past him he said:

"What the blazes are you trying to do?"

"I am trying to rile you, and I think I have succeeded," I said, and until the curtain fell I did a great many things that I knew annoyed him. He came to me after the play and apologized for the way he had spoken during the acts, and the incident was soon forgotten.

The first appearance under Owens that I have spoken of was as Horace Courtney in "Uncle Tom's Cabin as It Is." The part was a very sentimental one, but instead of bringing tears from my audience I seemed to amuse them immensely. After that I gave all my attention to studying low comedy parts, playing in Washington and Baltimore. After several years' touring I was offered an engagement by Mrs. John Drew at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. About this time I came to know the greatest comedian the English-speaking stage has ever seen —William E. Burton. I have spoken about Owens' ability to mingle pathos with comedy. It was in this that Burton was a past master. It is very easy for the comedian to provoke a laugh, but he must labor very hard to bring tears to the eyes of his audience. I shall always remember with what art he would deliver the line in "Captain Cuttle," on hearing of his favorite Walter's drowning.

"Poor Wall'r's drownded," he would say in that wonderfully humorous voice of his, his large eyes bulging from his forehead and his lips pursed up in what afterwards became the comedian's stock manner. The audience would laugh. "Poor Wall'r's drownded," he would repeat and the audience would laugh again, but this time not quite so freely, and with apparently some feeling that there was something very pathetic in this very humorous delivery of the lines. "Poor Wall'r's drownded," a third time, and the audience wouldn't laugh—they cried.

WILLIAM E. BURTON.

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Apropos of this first appearance, I am often asked why the theatres were called museums. People of this generation will never understand what a terrible prejudice there was against the theatres in those days. Gradually it was being overcome, but even the most daring were a little bit timid about being seen in one of those "sinful" places of amusement. Some of them particularly venturesome would say, "If you'll go, I'll go." The theatrical managers, noticing this disposition on the part of the puritanical public, tried to help on the movement by calling their theatres museums. In order to carry out the deception they would have a hall with a few paintings and some stuffed animals. This began to bring the people, but when a manager would change the name of his place, say, from the Globe Museum to the Globe Theatre the religious people would stay away.

After two years of low comedy parts in Washington and on the road I was engaged for the season of '56 as second low comedian by Wayne Olwyne for the little museum in Troy. Although the position was one of some importance, the salary was only seven dollars a week. The leading man got fifteen—in fact, the theatre could be run for three hundred dollars a week, including everything. The prices of admission were correspondingly cheap. When a box was sold for five dollars the treasurer of the theatre wouldn't get over it for several days.

I recall now the extreme sagacity with which I kept an eye on the future. Before going to Troy I called on the editor of a Philadelphia paper, *The Item*, the leading theatrical paper of the day, and told him of my engagement. Colonel Fitzgerald was, in those days, a man of importance; he received me kindly, and, after listening to my story, said he would be very glad to help me along. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said; "when you go to Troy write me a letter on theatrical matters once a week, and I will let you say anything about yourself that you write, provided, of course, it is in moderation."

I was only too glad to avail myself of the opportunity to become one of the correspondents of *The Item*, and I sent my letter regularly. Reviewing the performances, I naturally put in a good word—in fact, many of them—for myself; and as I grew more accustomed to seeing my own performances praised—by myself—I grew bolder. Toward the latter part of the season Mr. Burton, the greatest comedian of the day, came to play an engagement with our company, and after the first performance I wrote my notice as usual. I praised Burton's work warmly, and concluded with something to this effect:

"Brilliant as Mr. Burton's performance was, it did not succeed in eclipsing the work of several of the local favorites. Indeed, all the people of this town concede to that talented young comedian, Stuart Robson, superiority to Burton himself."

Strange to say the notice appeared as I had written it, and I never could find out whether this was a joke on Colonel Fitzgerald's part or whether the proof of the article failed to reach his eye. Probably the latter is the explanation. I told Burton the story several years after, and he enjoyed it very much.

Both Owens and Jefferson learned their art under Burton as youngsters. He had more humor than Owens and more pathos than Jefferson; and that he was so great an artist is remarkable when one remembers that the drama was just gaining its modern hold upon the American public. He came up with what might be called the early American stage, and he retained his position until the day of his death. His most popular parts were "Toodles" and "Aminadab Sleek," but I much preferred his "Autolycus" in the "Winter's Tale" and his "Sir Toby Belch."

We speak of comedians to-day and compare them with comedians of another day, fairly and justly, I think, but not so with the plays in which they performed. It is here that Joseph Jefferson's star shines so brightly, for he is, perhaps, the father of the modern comedy proper. The comedies of Burton, to some extent, belonged to a rude generation of play-goers. Coarse and vulgar things were said on the stage

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JOHN E. OWENS.

then which would not be tolerated now. And apropos of this is an incident that shows several sides of Burton's character.

Burton was a great student of Shakespeare and a stickler for adhering to the text, even though in those days unlimited license was the rule. I was playing Sir Andrew Aguecheek to his Sir Toby one time, and he told me before he went on that when he should say, "Sir Andrew, Sir Andrew," I was not to reply until he finished his "Where are you?" no matter how long he paused between the words. After the comic duel I took refuge in a tree and waited. "Sir Andrew," he cried, and then paused for quite a long time. "Sir Andrew," he said again, then again, and though I did not know what was coming, I was greatly tempted to reply, but I waited, and finally he yelled and thundered out, as though carried away by his own anger, "Sir Andrew, where in hell are you?"

Stickler for the pure Shakespearian text as he was, he would sometimes be obliged to omit a scene. Whether it was to appease his conscience or not I do not know, but when such omission was necessary in the actual, he would insist on religiously going through the entire scene that had been cut out, at rehearsal—and we would use the original edition at that.

One night, after some work that evidently pleased him, I was standing at the wing when he came by to respond to a curtain call. "Come on," he said. I waited, thinking it must be a mistake. He took me by the arm and led me in front of the curtain, where, dumfounded and amazed, I made, I presume, a very awkward first bow. What was more, he pointed to me as though the curtain call should be for me and not for him. That night I was too much confused to think of thanking him, but the next morning I went up to him at the prompt table, and told him how grateful I was for his kindness on the evening before. He had a curious swelling of the jowl, and I can remember as I spoke to him how expressive it was, and how much larger one eye seemed than the other as he said: "Low comedians are a lot of ingrates. There is Joe Jefferson who doesn't speak to me, and John Owens, confound him, who not only steals my prompt books but calls me a bad actor. I hope, however, that you, sir, will be an exception to the rule."

The following year I went over what is known as the Western circuit. A travelling company then had an unlimited repertoire; a few there were with but one play like "Uncle Tom's Cabin." But the ambitious young actor preferred the repertoire. During the latter part of the

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS DR. PANGLOSS.
Photo by Falk.

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season I joined one of these "Uncle Tom's Cabin" companies, and a curious affair it was. It was conducted after the manner of a circus. We had a large tent and a big band wagon, and all the members of the company wore dress suits. Two or three miles outside of the town in which we were to play, we would put on our fine clothes, get into carriages, and be driven in. It was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by the way, that did more even than the museums to bring the religious people to the theatre; but not even that very good moral drama would have brought them at first if the theatre had been called anything but a museum, or if it had been produced in any other place except under a tent.

When the war broke out the actor was the first to suffer. It is said that war, as a rule, helps art, and I suppose the theatre comes under that head, but during the couple of years prior to the war and the year following theatricals were at a low ebb, and it was not until money began to circulate more freely that the stage started to prosper, with a prosperity that has kept on increasing during the past thirty years.

Laura Keene, with whom I appeared in 1862–63, was one of the most intelligent women I ever met, and yet her most pronounced characteristic was one which is generally associated with ignorance. She was superstitious to an absurd degree. She never allowed her actors to take hold of a chair with the right hand. To study a part on Sunday was a crime. To carry an umbrella with a hook handle meant immediate discharge to the offender. The sight of a bottle of red ink was enough to frighten her for a week. She said the use of it was almost certain to precede some awful trouble. On one occasion we were playing a farce called "The Lady and the Devil." An important scene was when she was seated at a writing-table preparatory to composing a letter. I, as her servant, was standing at the back of her chair. "Take your right hand away from the chair," she said in a stage whisper. This rattled me a trifle. The stage dialogue proceeded:

"You are sure you can find Don Raefael at his lodgings?"

"Yes, madam; his servant tells me his wound will confine him to his bed for a week."

"Is this the only paper we have? Where is the ink?"

"Here, madam," and I bent forward to place the ink urn within her reach, when in my confusion at her reproof the vessel was upset, and its contents trickled into the lap of her white satin dress. The ink was blood-red. The ghastly look that came over the lady's face I shall never forget, and I was so frightened that I never knew how the scene ended. The next morning at rehearsal she told me I would never have any luck as long as I lived, and that my trouble in the world beyond would be endless. She called the company together, gave them a detailed account of the "awful scene of the night before, occasioned by the stupidity of the unfortunate young man who would never make an actor." She told of a terrible dream she had had, in which some great personage—to her unknown—had been foully murdered before her eyes; how she had attempted his rescue, but without avail; how he had fallen dead at her feet, his head resting on her lap, from which his life's blood slowly oozed.

Two years after this occurrence to a day Miss Keene was playing at Ford's Theatre, Washington. In the third act of the play a sharp shot was heard in the stage box, from which a man leaped brandishing a smoking weapon and shouting, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" The audience and actors were paralyzed. Miss Keene seemed to be the only person who realized the situation. She ran to the box, and in a moment the head of a dying man was in her lap, the red life's blood oozing from a ghastly wound. The assassin was my old boyhood's friend, John Wilkes Booth, his victim Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States.

Following my engagement with Laura Keene, I went to Mrs. John Drew's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, in 1864, and remained with her that season and the two

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following seasons.* The Arch Street Theatre was then the leading theatre of the country after Wallack's in New York. Wallack's, the Arch Street Theatre, the Boston Museum, were the few theatres that had a remarkable reputation at that time; that is, like anything that we have to-day. These theatres were, in their way, institutions. They all had stock companies, but well-known stars would come and play, supported by the theatre's own company. At the Arch Street we had more stock-playing than stars. Mrs. Drew herself did not play very much, but she was always in evidence as stage director. Her husband, the great John Drew, as we used to call him, was one of the handsomest, most magnetic men I ever came in contact with. I never knew him very well, as he was a man of great reputation while I, at the time, was a mere tyro. He died the season before I joined Mrs. Drew's company. It was a great pity, for he was only thirty-two years of age, a great actor, and had a remarkable future before him.

Mrs. Drew was an actress who knew her business more thoroughly than any woman I ever met, except Laura Keene. She commanded universal respect, though her rather sarcastic vein of humor did not make her many friends. An example of her idea of humor, and one that lingered in my mind, especially as it was our last appearance on the stage together, occurred when John Wilkes Booth came to the Arch Street Theatre to appear as a star. He had risen very suddenly, his previous appearance in Philadelphia having been in a very unimportant rôle, and Mrs. Drew did not take very kindly to the idea of his coming to her theatre and appearing in a leading rôle. Like all of us, Booth had the greatest respect and fear for Mrs. Drew, and she would rattle him by pretending to look to him for advice and suggestions as to what to do during rehearsals.

"Where do you want me to stand, Mr. Booth?" she would say, very sweetly.

"Why-er, where-er-ever you have been

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* It may not be generally known to the American public that Mr. Robson has appeared in more plays than any other living American actor. Of the five hundred or more parts he has played, the following are those that came to his mind for mention:

Plays.	Characters.
The Tempest	Trinculo, Stephano.
Two Gentlemen of Verona	Speed, Launce.
Midsummer Night's Dream	Bottom, Flute, Snug.
Merry Wives of Windsor	Doctor Caius, Slender.
Much Ado About Nothing	Verges, Constable.
As You Like It	Touchstone, William, Le Beau.
Merchant of Venice	Launcelot Gobbo, Tubal.
Taming of the Shrew	Grumio, Biondello.
Winter's Tale	Autolycus, Clown.
Comedy of Errors	Dromio of Syracuse, Doctor Pinch.
Macbeth	First Witch, Murderer, Seyton.
King Henry IV.	Poins, Bardolph, Francis.
Coriolanus	Citizen, Conspirator.
Julius Cæsar	Cassius, Trebonius, Casca, Citizen.
King Lear	Fool, Oswald, Physician.
Romeo and Juliet	Peter, Capulet, Sampson.
Richard III.	Lord Mayor, Surrey, Catesby.
Hamlet	Grave-digger, Polonius, Horatio, Osric.
Othello	Roderico, Brabantio, Ludovico.
Twelfth Night	Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, Clown, Malvolio.
School	Beau Farrintosh.
A New Way to Pay Old Debts	Marrell.
The Good-Natured Man	Honeywood.
Wives as They Were and Maids as They Are	Lord Priory.
The Vicar of Wakefield	Dr. Primrose.
School for Scandal	Crabtree, Sir Benjamin Backbite.
The Rivals	Bob Acres, Falkland, David.
Poor Gentleman	Stephen Harrowby, Dr. Ollipod.
Heir-at-Law	Ziekel Homespun, Doctor Pangloss.
Man of the World	Sir Pertinax Macsycophant.
Jealous Wife	Sir Harry Beagle, Lush.
She Would and She Would Not	Trappante.
Married Life	Mr. Dismal, Henry Dove.
Leap Year	Mr. Dimple, Sir Solomon Solus.
Old Heads and Young Hearts	Bob, Jesse Rural.
Cure for the Heartache	Frank Oitland.
Paul Pry	Witherton, Paul Pry.
Follies of a Night	Pierre Palliott, Servant.
David Copperfield	Micawber, Uriah Heap.
Dombey and Son	Mr. Toots, Sol, Gills.
Tale of Two Cities	Pip, Joe, Gregory.

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accustomed to, Mrs. Drew," he would say, somewhat abashed.

"Mr. Forrest used to want me to stand here, but not all great actors agree, Mr. Booth," very sweetly.

"Well, you might——"

"Yes."

"Come here——"

"Yes, yes."

"A—a, and if you——"

"Yes, yes, yes, yes——"

At this point Booth became entirely rattled by her sweet "yeses," began to stutter, got excited, and broke down completely.

The night after Lincoln was shot nearly every theatre in the country was closed. It is impossible now for the younger generation to appreciate the tremendous feeling that was aroused by Booth's dastardly act, but more than possible, if such a thing there be, for the younger generation to appreciate what ridiculous precautions the theatrical profession was obliged to go to in order to retrieve itself. I had been playing in Philadelphia for two seasons and came to be somewhat of a favorite, and in consequence appeared in nearly every performance. When the theatre reopened after the funeral of the President, I went to Mrs. Drew and said that I desired whatever I appeared in that night I should be "discovered"; that is, when the curtain went up I should be on the stage with some one else. It was rather generally known that I was a Southerner, that I had lost several brothers in the war, and I feared if I should come on alone there would be a demonstration which would be far from pleasant. Mrs. Drew agreed with me, and we put on "Slasher and Crasher," a farce. When the curtain goes up all the members of the company are lined up as though the piece were concluding, and this line up was just the thing that I wanted. There was no demonstration, although I think one man did start to hiss, at which my heart went pit-a-pat; but I can never forget how curious the half dozen members of the com-

Plays.	Characters.
Wild Oats	Tim, Sir George Thunder.
The Wonder	Lissards.
Cricket on the Hearth	Caleb Plummer, Tilly Slowboy.
Barnaby Rudge	Simon Tappertit.
Streets of New York	Badger, Puffy.
Guy Mannering	Dominie Sampson.
Led Astray	Hector Placide.
Wicked World	Lubin.
Two Orphans	Picard.
Spectre Bridegroom	Dickory Adwinkle.
Oliver Twist	The Artful Dodger.
The Jucklins	Lemuel Jucklin.
The Meddler	Francis Eli.
Goose with the Golden Eggs	Turby.
Sharp's Rifles	Percival Fluff.
The Bottle	Sam Caddles.
Sharps and Flats	Sharp.
Captain Kyd	Horsbeam Hemlock.
Loan of a Lover	Peter Spyk.
Ladt and the Devil	Jeremy Claudien.
Urgent Private Affairs	Dentatus Dotts.
Zenizia Boy	Benjamin Bobbin.
Our Bachelors	Bingle.
Two Rogues and a Romance	Carruthers.
A Regular Fix	Hugh de Brass.
The Henrietta	Bertie Van Alstyne.
Wept-of-the-Wish-ton	Pamunka.
Little Barefoot	Semmy.
Satan in Paris	Figaro.
Fanchon, the Cricket	Didier.
Glance at New York	Mose.
The Interloper	Cavard.
Invisible Prince	Furibend.
Field of the Cloth of Gold	King Francis.
The Maid Queen	Schnaps.
Jonathan Bradford	Caleb Scrimmige.
Black-Eyed Susan (Burlesque)	Captain Crosstree.
King Lear the Cuss	King Lear.
Hamlet (Burlesque)	Hamlet.
Romeo and Juliet (Burlesque)	Juliet.
Aladdin (Burlesque)	Widow Twankey.
Forty Thieves (Burlesque)	Hassarac.
Mazeppa (Burlesque)	Mazeppa.
Somnambula (Burlesque)	Amina.
Foul Play (Burlesque)	Shipwrecked Mariner.
Shylock (Burlesque)	Shylock, Portia.

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pany looked, as they stood there in front of the curtain, in a farce supposed to be very funny, every man Jack of them with a piece of crape around his arm.

In the summer of 1864 I took a small company to Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The short season was not profitable. In fact, had it not been for a kind-hearted landlord, who not only charged us half-price for board, but made up a purse for our benefit, we should have been forced to walk back to Philadelphia. One night we were doing "The Golden Farmer," in which I was playing Jemmy Twitcher, a ragged tramp, whose professions of honesty did not prevent him from stealing eggs, chickens, and anything he could lay his hands on. The little theatre was almost empty—probably twenty people on the first floor, and as many more in the gallery. Among the scanty audience—seated on the front bench—was an old gentleman in a light linen duster, no vest, and a profusion of shirt frill, who laughed immoderately at the crude efforts of the comedian while he cooled himself by the wielding of an enormous palm-leaf fan. The performance over, I retired to my dressing-room feeling rather gloomy over the ghastliness of the house, when the door was opened without ceremony, and the same old gentleman stood before me.

"Well, sonny," he said, "they didn't treat you very well to-night, did they? Too bad! Never mind, all player people, I hear, have to go through the same experience. Better luck will come to you later on. Do you like the country? I have a snug little place about two miles from town—come out to-morrow and see me. It will brighten you up a bit." Of course I gladly accepted the invitation. The old gentleman gave me the location of his house, and, slapping me pleasantly on the back, took his leave.

Who was he? James Buchanan, ex-President of the United States.

To say that I was proud of this event but faintly expresses the fact. The next day I drew largely on the company in the

Plays.	Characters.
Camille (Burlesque)	Camille.
East Lynne (Burlesque)	Madame Vine.
Pocahontas (Burlesque)	Powhattan.
Columbus (Burlesque)	Columbus.
Slasher and Crasher	Slasher.
Crimson Crimes	Mr. Fright.
The Toodles	Mr. Toodles.
Poor Pillicoddy	Mr. Pillicoddy.
Betsy Baker	Mr. Mouser.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter White	Mr. White.
Pride of the Market	Isadore Farine.
Marble Heart	Velage.
Flying Dutchman	Peter, Boatswain, Ten Eyck.
Did You Ever Send Your Wife to Camberwell?	Stokes.
Horse-Shoe Robinson	Chris Shaw, Lindsay.
Maid with the Milking Pail	Diccon.
Antony and Cleopatra (Farce)	Antony.
Ocean of Life	Jeremy Jumble.
Man and the Tiger	Bob Buckskin.
Helping Hands	Rufus, Isaac Wolf.
Poetry of Democracy	Pecksniff, Alderman Foozle.
Divorce	Templeton Jitt.
Gunmaker of Moscow	Pearl, Duke of Tula.
Four Sisters	Sam Sniffle, Mr. Merton.
Gudgeons at the Relay House	John Small.
Iron Chest	Sampson Rawbold, Gregory.
Wandering Boys	Lubin Potts, Roland.
French Spy	Tony Bivard.
Spitfire	Tobias Shortcut.
Young Widow	Splash.
'Tis All a Farce	Mumps.
Kiss in the Dark	Selim Pettibone.
Swiss Cottage	Natz Teick.
To Paris and Back for Five Pounds	Snozzle.
Carpenter of Rouen	Nyker-Grander.
She Stoops to Conquer	Diggry, Tony Lumpkins.
Jack Shepard	Blueskin, Abraham Mendez.
Everybody's Friend	Major De Boots.
Richelieu	Joseph De Berringer.
Caste	Sam Gerridge, Old Eccles.
The Belle's Stratagem	Flutter.
The Robbers.	Spiegelberg.
Serious Family	Aminidab Sleek.
The Waterman	Robin Tug.
No Song, no Supper	Robin.
Road to Ruin	Goldfinch.

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Articles of Agreement.

SHERIDAN SHOOK, *Proprietor.* ALBERT M. PALMER, *Manager.*

This Agreement, made between ALBERT M. PALMER, for SHERIDAN SHOOK, and Stuart Robson of the first part, WITNESSETH, that said ALBERT M. PALMER hereby engages said Stuart Robson to play and perform

on the stage of the Theatre designated by the said ALBERT M. PALMER, in the cities of New York or Brooklyn, during the season of 1874-75 from On or about the first of October 1874 to on or about the first of July 1875 that is from the Fifteenth of September at the option of the management And said Stuart Robson hereby agrees to play and perform at such designated Theatre, and to do all things necessary to any and all performances that said ALBERT M. PALMER shall designate, and to conform to and abide by the Rules and Regulations hereunto annexed and made a part of this contract. and the said Stuart Robson hereby further agrees that he will not perform at any other Theatre than the one so designated by said ALBERT M. PALMER during said season, not from the date of this agreement until the commencement of said season, without the consent in writing of said ALBERT M. PALMER or SHERIDAN SHOOK. And said ALBERT M. PALMER hereby agrees to pay to the said Stuart Robson the sum of One hundred & fifty dollars per week, or a proportionate amount thereof, for any portion of a week of public theatrical representations, but not for Rehearsals.

These articles of agreement are made on the express condition and understanding that should the occurrence of any public calamity or unforeseen event occasion the closing of the Theatre, and the omission of said theatrical performance, then the said ALBERT M. PALMER shall have the right to withhold all payment during the closure aforesaid.

And it is also further understood and agreed that said SHERIDAN SHOOK and ALBERT M. PALMER shall have the privilege of availing themselves of the services of said ..... at any representation by the Union Square Theatre Company that circumstances may demand should be given at any time during said season in any of the neighboring cities; said SHERIDAN SHOOK and ALBERT M. PALMER to pay all cost of traveling, transportation of baggage, and extra hotel expenses.

In Witness Whereof, the parties have hereunto set their hands and seals, this 23 day of March 1874

And it is further agreed between said Albert M Palmer and Stuart Robson, that said Palmer shall have the refusal of said Robson's services for the Season of 1875 and 1876 in the same terms as those expressed in this Contract, providing said Palmer gives notice to said Robson that he will require them on or about the first of January 1875.

A. M. Palmer

Stuart Robson

FACSIMILE OF A THEATRICAL AGREEMENT, SIGNED IN 1874, WHEREBY STUART ROBSON WAS PAID $150 A WEEK, THEN A VERY BIG SALARY.

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matter of clothes. James A. Herne loaned me a black velvet coat—a little too long for me in the sleeves and amply liberal in the back—Louis James a green double-breasted vest, and Lawrence Barrett a flaming red necktie. Thus "accoutered" I took the road for Mr. Buchanan's house, swelling like a shirt bleaching in a high wind. I found the ex-President lounging on his front porch, wielding the same big palm-leaf fan, for it was a sultry day. He greeted me cordially, and introduced me to the handsomest woman I have ever seen, his niece, Miss Harriet Lane. This lady had been the reigning mistress of the White House during his term of office. He showed me around his grounds, laughed at my feeble attempts to entertain him with the lean jokes then current in the theatre, told me of the great actors he had seen, how he had helped to hiss Edmund Kean from the stage of a Philadelphia theatre on account of an insulting speech he had made about America the previous week in Boston, and how he had regretted doing so ten minutes afterward because of the powerful acting "of the greatest dramatic genius the world has ever known." I stayed with him as long as good manners would permit, and on my departure was given a cordial, "Come and see me again—in fact, any time you feel like it." Strange to say, a few days after that I *did* feel like it, and I called again. As I neared the house I met the old gentleman driving an ordinary horse in an old-fashioned buggy. He asked me to jump in—he was "only taking a drive to his old homestead at Stony Batter, where he was born in 1791." I jumped in. Some people might have refused, but I knew my duty. A beautiful day—the drive was long, and the old horse lasted well. In due time we reached a pretty village, but with many signs of picturesque decay. We drove up to an old cottage by the roadside, the cottage in which James Buchanan was born.

The ex-President entered hat in hand. A young woman was peeling potatoes, a

Plays.	Characters.
The Stranger	Peter, Solomon Tobias.
The Hypocrite	Mawworm.
The Honest Thieves	Obadiah.
The Inconstant	Bissare.
The Critic	Puff and Sir Fretful Plaigery.
Bold Stroke for a Husband	Sancho.
Lovers' Quarrels	Lopez.
The Village Lawyer	Scout, Sheepface.
Green Bushes	Grinridge, Jack Gong.
Golden Farmer	Jimmy Twitcher, Old Hammer.
American Cousin	Asa Trenchard.
Second Love	Doctor Botcherby.
Sea of Ice	Barades.
London Assurance	Meddle, Dolly Spanker.
The Pretty Milkmaid	Nailem Tite.
An Unwarrantable Intention	Stranger.
The Ocean Child	Peter Poultice.
Uncle Tom's Cabin	Marks, Gumption Cute.
Lancashire Lass	Johnson.
To Parents and Guardians	Master Waddilove.
Merchant and His Clerks	Kit Cockles.
Duchess of Malfi	Pietro, Executioner.
Box and Cox	Box, Cox.
Beauty and the Beast	Sir Aldgate Pump, John Quill.
The Dead Shot	Hector Timid.
Happiest Day of My Life	Mr. Gilman.
Beau Brummel	Beau.
Beggars' Opera	Captain Macheath.
Bell Ringers of St. Paul's	Bob Bristle.
Binks the Bagman	Binks.
Blue Devils	Megrim.
Bombastes Furioso	Bombastes.
Boots at The Swan	Boots.
Bride of Lammermoor	Porter, Segrim.
Broken Sword	Tullus.
Brother Bill and Me	Bill.
Hidden Hand	Wool.
Captain's Not a Miss	Buton.
'Tis All a Farce	Nimpo.
Cherry and Fair Star	Hassanbad.
Chops of the Channel	Reuben Chops.
John Wopps	Wopps.
Corsican Brothers	Narso.
Rob Roy	Bailie Nicol Jarvie, Major Galbrith.
Peg Woffington	Triplet, Colley Cibber, Snail, Soaper.
The Honeymoon	Mock Duke.

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hen and a brood of little chickens were pecking about the sanded floor, the family pig was rooting around the door-step, and a very old woman sat crooning by the empty fire-place. The younger woman greeted him pleasantly, and evidently mistook him for a priest, as she called him "Your Riverence." The elder woman looked up at this, and asked for his blessing, saying she "had been suffering with toothache. Couldn't his Riverence cure it for her?" Mr. Buchanan took her withered old face between his hands, held it for a minute, and said, "Now isn't that better, mother?" The old woman replied, "Much better, your Riverence. I knew you could cure me." After asking a few questions about the cottage, how long they had lived in it, had they no church in the village, etc., etc., the old gentleman bowed himself out with as much courtesy as if he were bidding good-by to a high-born lady.

STONY BATTER, BIRTHPLACE OF JAMES BUCHANAN.

On our way home he spoke of the strange power of superstition. "That poor old woman actually imagined that her pain was dispelled by the 'laying on of priestly hands.'"

He spoke of a prominent divine, the father of Henry Ward Beecher, who was then engaged in a series of sermons against the stage, denouncing actors as the devil's children, without morals or honesty, and predestined to a life of everlasting torment, and added: "What a strange position for a great preacher, a supposed follower of the Champion of good-will and charity to all. I have seldom met an intelligent man whose views were not narrowed and distorted by religion."

I asked him if he believed in a future life.

He answered: "If I don't know what will take place to-morrow, how can I know anything about a more remote future?"

I never met Mr. Buchanan again until I saw him in his coffin, his heart-broken niece kneeling by his side, his black servants sobbing in the doorways, and a sweet smile on his dead face.

After a year in New Orleans I came North, and in 1869 I made my first appearance as a star, appearing as John Beat, a policeman, in "Law in New York."* During the same year I appeared at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in the best burlesque part I ever had, that of Captain Crosstree in "Black-Eyed Susan." The piece itself was a great success, and I might also add so was the character. When I was first assigned the part I was at a loss how to dress it. I finally conceived the idea to make up in imitation of William R. Blake. Blake was a very large, well-proportioned man, weighing about 250 pounds. I had a pad made which covered my body proportionately, but which made me almost as broad as I was long. The effect of a high-pitched voice like mine coming from such a mountain of flesh made a happy hit.

* Among my engagements for this play—"his first appearance" on any stage—was a youngster who has since become famous, and deservedly so—Nat C. Goodwin.

[*To be continued.*]

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PICTURE PARAGRAPHS.

[*We shall be glad to consider photographs of all kinds suitable for this section of the magazine, and to pay for such as are accepted.*—ED.]

A LIVING SIGN.

THAT the most remarkable effects may be obtained by the double exposure of photographic plates is well known. We reproduce here a clever example of this trick work, the oddity of the design being heightened by the shadow of the empty sign frame on the grass below.

PRINCE COLA, THE HOMING DOG.

Prince Cola, an English mastiff, was recently sold by Mr. F. J. Skinner, of Baltimore, Maryland, to his present owner, H. B. Savage, a citizen of Belton, Texas. Apparently Prince Cola objected to being obliged to "trek" to the other end of the continent. He quietly undermined the fastenings of a gate and deserted his Texas home, taking a bee-line for Baltimore. Mr. Savage received news that the dog had been seen going slowly northward, at a distance of several miles from Belton. But this news came when the fugitive had already obtained the advantage of two days' start; and a strange part of the story is, that Mr. Savage, while pursuing on horseback, learned at various points that Prince Cola, as if telepathically conscious of pursuit, was now going toward Baltimore at racing speed. The time the dog made was remarkable, for although Mr. Savage had a splendid

PRINCE COLA, THE HOMING DOG.

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THE "CORKSCREW" SUBMARINE BOAT.

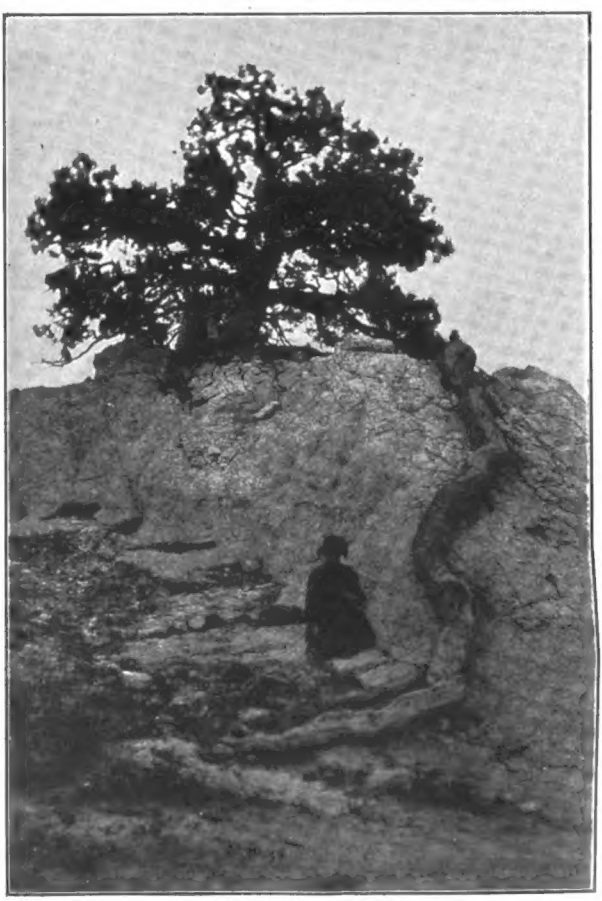
horse, which he taxed to its utmost powers, he did not overtake the mastiff for four days. The dog had never been over the ground before, and yet, in the 320 miles he had covered before his capture, he had apparently never made an error in his route, had availed himself of every short cut, and held on his course as perfectly northeast as the roads permit.

THE "CORKSCREW" SUBMARINE BOAT.

A remarkable submarine boat has been constructed by James F. Buckley, of Haverhill, Massachusetts. Its form is that of an immense egg, and it is encircled by two great fins constructed on the principle of a corkscrew. The boat, propelled by a screw, worms its way through the water. It is built in two sections, one within the other. The inner chamber is so constructed that it remains always upright however rapid may be the revolutions of the outer shell through the water. The inventor claims that a very high rate of speed is possible with this boat, the motive power being electricity. Provision is also made for a supply of compressed air, which may be renewed from time to time on coming to the surface. The vessel may be made to sink or rise with equal facility by a special steering gear, and the advantages of such a craft for the purposes of naval warfare appear to be such as to command the most serious attention of the authorities.

A MONSTER ROOT.

A curious natural growth may be seen in Wyoming. The Rocky Mountain yellow pine is indigenous to Wyoming, and usually conducts itself in a conventional fashion. But a specimen in the sand hills permits its



A MONSTER ROOT.

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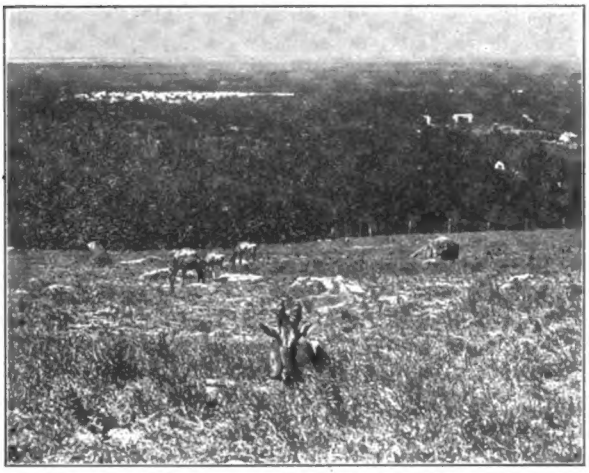

VIEW FROM THE GROUNDS OF CECIL RHODES' HOUSE.

THE HOME OF CECIL RHODES.

THE STONE JUMPER: CECIL RHODES' PET.

main root to run forty-five feet on the surface of the ground. The girth and length of this root are greater than they would be were the root subterranean. As it is, they are wholly out of proportion to the parent tree, as might be expected in a freakish monstrosity. The root bears a striking resemblance to a huge boa-constrictor crawling along the edge of a sharp bluff and down through the Wyoming clay. Erosion is responsible for this eccentric specimen, for it has cut away the earth covering the main root of the pine, leaving it exposed to all the elements.

THE HOME OF CECIL RHODES.

We publish three photographs of the home and grounds of the Hon. Cecil Rhodes in South Africa. The house, as the picture shows, is situated on an eminence commanding a superb and far-reaching view. The grounds are well wooded, and possess a certain rugged picturesqueness, the beauty of which the owner never fails to dilate upon with pride, the vast extent of country stretching out like a map below being his particular delight. The interior of the mansion is filled in a manner which, while costly, is nevertheless unpretentious, and its owner lives simply enough, seldom entertaining, for Mr. Rhodes makes no effort to disguise his distaste for feminine society, or, indeed, for society at all. The little creature shown by itself is known locally as the "stone jumper," and is the special pet of its owner. Another photograph shows the view from the windows of the house, with a herd of antelope in the foreground.

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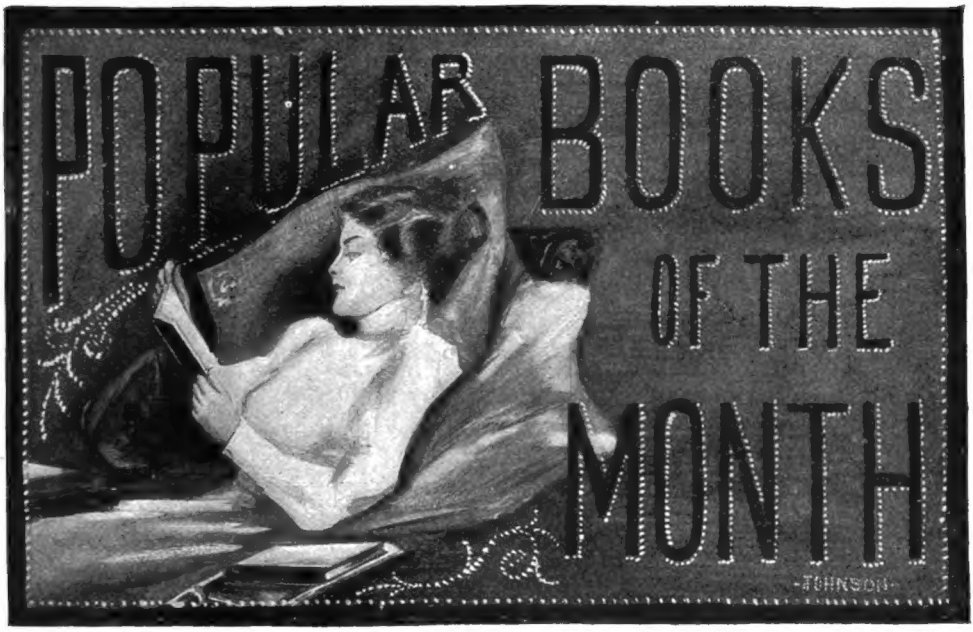

A CAREFUL canvass of the leading booksellers results in the compilation of the following list of books that have proved themselves most popular during the past month, as judged by the number of copies sold:

TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER'S PRICE
To Have and to Hold,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
A Gentleman from Indiana,	Booth Tarkington	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.50).
Red Pottage,	Mary Cholmondeley	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
The Light of Scarthey	Egerton Castle	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
The Redemption of David Corson,	Charles Frederic Goss	(The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50).
The Reign of Law,	James Lane Allen	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Sophia,	Stanley J. Weyman	(Longmans, Green, & Co., $1.50).
Three Men on Wheels,	Jerome K. Jerome	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Unleavened Bread,	Robert Grant	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
The Booming of Acre Hill,	John Kendrick Bangs	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
The Touchstone,	Edith Wharton	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.25).
When Knighthood Was in Flower,	Edward Caskoden	(The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50).
The Green Flag and Other Stories,	A. Conan Doyle	(McClure, Phillips & Co., $1.25).
The Trail of the Sand Hill Stag,	E. Seton-Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
The Biography of a Grizzly,	E. Seton-Thompson	(The Century Co., $1.50).
The Autobiography of a Quack,	S. Weir Mitchell	(The Century Co., $1.25).
Resurrection,	Leo Tolstoy	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
The Rebel,	H. B. Marriott Watson	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
Bob, Son of Battle,	Alfred Ollivant	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $1.25).
In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim,	Frances Hodgson Burnett	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).

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TITLE	AUTHOR	PUBLISHER AND PUBLISHER'S PRICE
The Black Wolf's Breed,	Charles Dickson	(The Bowen-Merrill Co., $1.50).
The Banker and the Bear,	Henry K. Webster	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
The Heart's Highway,	Mary E. Wilkins	(Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.50).
Robert Tournay,	William Sage	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
The Love of Parson Lord,	Mary E. Wilkins	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
The Strength of Gideon,	Paul Laurence Dunbar	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.25).
The Conspirators,	Robert W. Chambers	(Harper & Bros., $1.50).
A New Race Diplomatist,	Jennie Bullard Waterbury	(J. B. Lippincott Co., $1.50).
The Voice of the People,	Ellen Glasgow	(Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.50).
The Bath Comedy,	Agnes and Egerton Castle	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Prisoners of Hope,	Mary Johnston	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50).
Via Crucis,	F. Marion Crawford	(The Macmillan Co., $1.50).
Joan of the Sword Hand,	S. R. Crockett	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Philip Winwood,	Robert Neilson Stephens	(L. C. Page & Co., $1.50).
Deacon Bradbury,	Edwin Asa Dix	(The Century Co., $1.50).
The Garden of Eden,	Blanche Willis Howard	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
His Lordship's Leopard,	D. D. Wells	(Henry Holt & Co., $1.50).
Life's Trivial Round,	Rose Nouchette Carey	(J. B. Lippincott Co., $1.25).
Fruitfulness,	Emile Zola (Translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly)	(Doubleday, Page & Co., $2.00).
The Ways of Men,	Eliot Gregory	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $1.50).
Towards Pretoria,	Julian Ralph	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.50).
Briton and Boer,	James Bryce	(Harper & Bros., $1.25).
The Transvaal from Within,	J. P. Fitzpatrick	(Frederick A. Stokes Co., $2.50).
Wild Animals I Have Known,	E. Seton-Thompson	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $2.00).
John Ruskin,	M. H. Spielman	(J. B. Lippincott Co., $2.00).
Letters of Honoré de Balzac to Mme. Hanska,	Translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley	(Hardy Pratt & Co., $1.50).
The Domestic Blunders of Women,	"A Mere Man"	(Funk & Wagnalls, $1.00).
From Capetown to Ladysmith	George W. Steevens	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.25).
Nature's Garden,	Neltje Blanchan	(Doubleday, Page & Co., $3.00).
A Guide to the Trees,	Alice Lounsberry	(Chas. Scribner's Sons, $3.00).
History of the People of the U. S., Vol. V.,	John Bach McMaster	(D. Appleton & Co., $2.50).
Paris As It Is,	Katherine De Forest	(Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.25).
Paris—Described by Great Writers,	Edited by Esther Singleton	(Dodd, Mead & Co., $1.50).
Flame, Electricity, and the Camera,	George Iles	(Doubleday & McClure Co., $2.00).
Problems of Expansion,	Whitelaw Reid	(The Century Co., $1.50).
The Light of Day,	John Burroughs	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.25).
The Statesman's Year Book for 1900,	Edited by J. Scott Keltie	(The Macmillan Co., $3.00.)
Our Presidents and How We Make Them,	Col. A. K. McClure	(Harper & Bros., $2.00).

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